

FILM FANTASY! TV TERROR! VIDEO VIOLENCE! A QUALITY MAGAZINE

HORROR

HALLS OF

ISSUE 26 60p-\$2.00

SPECIAL
MASTERS
OF THE
MACABRE

ISSUE OF
BRITAIN'S
AWARD WINNING
FANTASY SCREEN
JOURNAL
featuring

KARLOFF
LUGOSI
PLEASENCE
CARRADINE
and LORRE



F J Ackerman recalls
LON CHANEY SR.

Mistress of Mayhem:
BARBARA STEELE
INTERVIEW

HOUSE OF THE
LONG SHADOWS

Ramsey Campbell on
THE CRITICS
AND THE CENSORS

THE LATEST IN
HOLLYWOOD
HORROR

THE MONSTER CLUB
--told in pictures



Such are the vagaries of the publishing world that time takes on dimensions more suitable for *The Times Tunnel* or *The Twilight Zone*. I'm typing these few words a full two months before you're sitting there reading them and, not to rob it, a month and a bit before our new improved *Hulk* of Horror is even gone on sale!

It's a curious little notion which to compose a few thoughts about the magazine. You see, we know, just know that you will love the new look response, will be thrilled by our bits up of favourite features and new columns, will be amazed by the sheer contrast between the style and direction of *Hulk* and everything else on the stands but I expect, hell yes, just have to imagine it! So this issue continues in the format of *Hulk* 25 and we meet your comments with interest. Our intention into us we'll be a successful formula but we'll bow to your considered judgements if you think yet we lost an egg in technical terms for knowing it, here in Goshol!

But from this issue, other old features of *Hulk*'s second winning run resurface: *Alpha* *Miscellany* with a new printer and a new name, *Horror* *Horline* USA, the ever-popular *Advent* *Dent*, and the start of a regular look and magazine movie feature.

And, like all good surprises, we'll keep the best of last: Hammer editors need only wait till December for the continuation of Bob Sheridan's *History of Horror*.

So, to come a phrase, forget the rest and feel the Quality. And enjoy the issue.

John Deere

26

Vol 3 No 2

Editorial Director
DEZ SKINN

Editor
DAVE REEDER

Assistant Editor
SIÂN OSLEY

Design
DEXTER CRAIG
RICHARD FISHER

Writers this issue
FORREST J ACKERMAN
RAMSEY CAMPBELL
TONY CRAWLEY
STEVE JONES
DAVE REEDER
DEZ SKINN
ANTHONY TATE

Artists this issue
JOHN BOLTON
GARRY LEACH (cover)
DAVID LLOYD

We would like to thank the following for their help in researching titles and advertising materials which are the copyright property of the respective companies: Forrest J Ackerman: AIP, Arista Films, Arista Release/Comp, Arista/Embassy, Barbra International, NBC TV, New Office Specialists, Joseph Breen, Cannon Films, Donald Columbia (EMI Warner), Casa Marce, Dimension Pictures, Eros Films, Flashbacks, Grand National Group, Hammer Films, Independent International (IF), Stephen James, Miramax Films, MPM, New World Video International, PC Publications, Rank, Studio GMS, Tigon, Trans-American, Twentieth Century Fox, 21st Century, UA, Universal, Woolson & Wolf, Amsterdam.

Distributed in the UK by Slough-Pennam Ltd, Milton Road, Portsmouth, Leamington (Tel 0432 583942)

Reactive North American supplies: Titan Distribution Ltd, PO Box 356, London E2 9ET (Tel 01-694-6621)

HALLS OF HORROR is copyright Quality Communications Ltd 1985

MEDIA MACABRE

4

Tony Crawley surveys the global fantasy screen scene while our men in Hollywood, Anthony Tate, provides the hot gossip from Sunset Boulevard. All this plus Forrest J Ackerman remembering the 'Man of a Thousand Faces' and Dave Reeder assessing the current crop of fantasy in print.

HOUSE OF THE LONG SHADOWS

14

Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and John Carradine make horror movies history in this new film from genre favourite Pete Walker. The story of 'how' and 'why' from Anthony Tate.

PETE WALKER FILMOGRAPHY

16

JOHN CARRADINE

18

The last original horror star claims to have made over 500 films. In a full career article, a true picture is presented by Stephen Jones.

THE MONSTER CLUB

23

The concluding part of our comic-strip adaptation of The Monster Club Story by Doc Stern. Art by John Bolton and David Lloyd.

DONALD PLEASANCE

36

The actor who claims not to make horror films, so why are we profiling him in a horror film magazine? Feature by Stephen Jones.

BARBARA STEELE

40

Before James Lee Curtis and Adrienne Barbeau, before Caroline Munro and even before Ingrid Pitt there was Barbara Steele. Spurned by Hammer, degraded by Hollywood, she found fame in Italy. Interview by Tony Crawley.

BARBARA STEELE FILMOGRAPHY

43

The most complete Steele filmography ever. Compiled by editor Dave Reeder.

MASTERS OF THE MACABRE

45

Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre. The original horror stars whose images haunt us still. A study of the parallels in their careers. Feature by Anthony Tate.

ANSWER DESK

48

Return of Hall's popular feature 'You send us the questions, we'll try to answer them.'

CAMPBELL'S COLUMN

49

Is nostalgia all that it used to be? This and more from regular columnist Ramsey Campbell.

MEDIA MACABRE

WORLDWIDE WITH
TONY CRAWLEY

ANTHONY TATE'S
HORROR HOTLINE USA

FORRY ACKERMAN
REMEMBERS THE
MIRACLE MAN

WORLDWIDE WITH TONY CRAWLEY

Times and filmic genres have drastically changed since I was so rudely interrupted in... was it really 1979? As you'll have noticed, since my last *Hell* column, the horror genre isn't what it used to be. Let's be frank, chiller-dollars have lacked the box-office boost while SF, for science fiction or fantasy—or, too often, for silly fables—has taken over.

Public appetites have changed and I blame the Friday the 13th syndrome, in that, for the sudden lack of interest in forking out hard-earned cash to see even more noble teenage girls meeting their doom at the hands of mad killers. As even triumphant genre masterlike John Carpenter has found to his own cost with *The Thing*—enough's enough already! As they say in Hollywood, our kind of films, which used to be a soft touch, now comprise a soft market. Independent directors, who used to put their teeth on terror, are now into comic vehicles. "Sexy, crazy, off-the-wall!" as Lloyd Kaufman phrases it. Or as another guy has it, "Fun, music and mud!" *Porky* is, B and W, in other words, Don't worry, it won't last. *Porky's*, after all, only *Friday* the 13th without the plasma.

Vital Statistics

Production figures from North America (that includes Canada) make sad reading. In 1980, 84 horror movies were shot. In 1981 the figure hit an all-time high—173. But last year, of more than 140 terror tales announced as projects, only 46 were made—and of them only six were actually released! Most of the "B" releases were (perhaps, naturally) "R" movies, fourteen were made in 1980 and four others finally fell off their mid-70s shelves.

In short, friends, while horror production continues to drop, there's one helluva lot of films made in the 80s and '70s left awaiting release. Or escape. We're in for a pack of them this year, as you'll see if you stick with these words instead of the suggestions. I mean, are you ready for *Jaws*, *Satan*, *Terror on Tour*, *Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Monstrous Men of Town*, *Spawns*, *The Grizzly Spider* *Tap* and the rest?

Fantastists

All the big money—whether it is in budgets or cinema tickets—is still going on in the fantasy numbers. We get *Superman II* this year, of course, in which Christopher Reeve needs not only Richard Pryor but Pamela Stephenson as well. *Supergirl* with Faye Dunaway and Peter O'Toole adding the Brando type touch to unknown Helen Slater, has started at Foxwood with Peter Cook somehow involved. John Guillermin is searching for his *Shaws*, *Queen of the Jungle*,

which begins in August. *Elephant Man's* David Lynch is completing *Dune* in Mexico with a mixed-bag cast featuring everyone from Max Von Sydow to Bing. 3-D is supposed to really take off in this year of 1983-D with *Jaws 3-D*, *Antiville 3-D* and *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*. (The story goes that the next tale of *Art & Co.* will eventually be titled *Star Trek 3-D* too.)

Beyond Zone

Miffed at losing their beloved Steven Spielberg's *Twilight Zone* to the Warner Brothers' opposition, Universal are rushing into their own anthology movie. It's a no-run-of-the-lane-than-magical 1950-81 ABC TV network series, *One Step Beyond*. On the drawingboard for now are ideas to copycat *Steven* and have a bunch of directors handling different tales of shocks, suspense and, if you remember the old series, murder, yawns. Among those being approached for the job: Paul Bartel, Richard (Psycho II) Franklin and Walter Hill.

I don't think they should bother. *One Step Beyond* (the title!) was about the crummiest of the late-eight chiller shows on the box, far below the standard of the Rod Taylor shows, *Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery*.

Movie King

Most of the horror movies that are being made this year derive from the same fertile brain—Stephen King's. The poor guy (6'9") writes, looks hell enough for Hollywood, and elsewhere. There are at least seven King projects in the works, as I write. From his last best seller, *Cujo*, to his latest hit, *Christine*. Plus a couple of anthology numbers including the announced *Creepshow II*.

In fact, three of the King movies continue his association with like-minded George Romero. George is writing the second (scripted and) battery of King chills for *Creepshow II*. George is not directing this outing, though. He's saving his energies for his long delayed dream of helming King's first script of one of his best sellers, *The Shining*. They're also considering for a pay-TV terror tale which will probably be released in Europe as *Evilness*.

Melvin Subansky, ever the friend of us all on *Hell*, is planning the other anthology as his 36th British film, *Night Night*. The stars, by Edward and Valerie Abraham, comprise three of Steve King's short tales.

First out should be *Cujo*, directed by Lewis Teague, of *Alligator* fame. He took over the movie from our own Peter Medak one day after shooting began late last year. The *B* TV network, *Sci-Fi* and *Warner* is a mum again in this one. Shit's the lady looking in her car while the rabid *Cujo* tries to leap into her driving seat. Don't fuddy. Christopher Stone (they were last seen together in *The Howling*) is also in the cast, alongside parental screen nasty Ed Lauter (he's like *Tanner* wrote the script).

In Canada—and indeed, also in Yugoslavia—David Cronenberg, bloody but unbothered since the straight top of

Possibly one of Britain's most prolific film writers, Tony Crawley has been reviewing film since his career began as a provincial newspaper. He has also edited such film magazines as Cinema 4 and Premiere. His books include The Films of Bogdan Livan, Italy: The Films of Brigitte Barden and the search for released Stephen Spielberg. He can assure us that if it doesn't have material by Tony, it isn't a film magazine!

*Anthony Tate has been active in the field of fantasy cinema for some years. He published and edited three issues of *Fantasyline* and is both a film critic and historian. He also lives in Los Angeles, from where he writes for *Fantasy Film* publications in England, America and France.*

*Forrest J. Ackerman is, quite simply, the father of fantasy film fandom. He has dominated the field since the 1950s as fan, writer, agent, editor, collector and even actor in grade 2 *Science* and *Horror*. His departure last year from Warner Publishing's *Fantasy Magazine* of *Planet* a couple of issues from the 26th Anniversary issue affected the legend of his fans but he has appeared back into sight as author, occasional columnist for *Fantasyline* (nominated editor of another fantasy film magazine).*



Just hanging around in Eric Masten's *Endgame* is Ron (Happy Days) Howard's brother Clint Howard: the film is a mixture of Pooley's and Friday the 13th's

Is this a horror film? Yes, but once you've watched *Bruno De Palma* you don't want to look cheap. Look for a title change in the UK, though.

'I'm already, right? Kent has stuck to his old role. He might have better luck if he sent his ponderous self up a hill and called it *The Attack of the Killer Teaspoons*. For, believe it or not, as old Ripley always said that is the main blood-thirsting weapon involved in this gory saga. So much plasma is getting around that when the film was first, tentatively released over yonder ten years ago, it won an immediate A-rating - normally reserved, I suspect, for porno or blood baths.

When unable to pay his rent, the film's main character (played by Bo Dancel) nips a woman - who lops back and gouges out his eye. With a teaspoon. Being an artist and in need of both orbs, this sends said artist into somewhat of a dither. He starts attacking workmen, slicing their eyes out with his teaspoon. Baff, huh? With the Pythons or Cheech and Chong re-dubbing the dialogue, it could be something of a bright satire - or farce. As it is it's nothing much to speak of. Director Kent Blanton, however, must have disappeared into his own cerebral cul-de-sac. He made a wild-life adventure movie with singer actor Mel Torme in 1973 *Land of the Rising Sun*. That would appear to be Kent's forte.

Item 2 Eleven years back, Paul Leder directed a rather bleak, if muted number called *Poor Albert and Little Annie*. His title stars were Zooey Hall and Gari Bursick. You'll not be overly surprised therefore, to hear that this combo failed to set box-office alight. So if at first you don't succeed and all that. So Paul made a new bid for glory - or at least got a little profit, by re-nipping the old movie up a bit and calling it (all together now...) *I Blameless Meme*. It is a typical driven-artist-as Zooey Hall's poor Albert, fleeing his insane wife to get off on his own back on the mother who put him away, never gets to meet much less dissuade her. Hence through the ensuing 76 minutes. He knocks off her housekeeper instead and then tells her his desire. Gari - in what some critics have called a nod to *Sunday's End* and *Cybele* - which is rather an insult to Serge Gainsbourg's Oscar-winning French movie of 1960.

Paul Leder stayed in films long enough to try out 3-D with *Ape* in 1978, but the main surprise of his *Meme* is quite simply who wrote it. The script is credited to one William Norton. But who is one? The William Norton who wrote a pair of Burt Reynolds movies *Sam Whiskey* (1969) and *Water* (1968)? Or even the William Norton Sr who supplied Ellen Gould's *Dirty Tricks* (1916)? Answer on a postcard please to Gus, not me. I'm busier than he is.

Item 3 Now this one is rather better. In 1934, writer-director Fredrick F. Fendel made his first (the only!) Predulu Production, Uue, Uue. The title wasn't capitalised enough. Its Newcomer called *Aue*. They haven't helped the film any, unless the new moniker might attract some customers. What they see is not a bad thriller, topped up with some blood and gore, shot on a shoestring budget

(When a guy has to fall out of a window we hear it, rather than see it) but with decent style. Admittedly, Fendel makes up in the editing what he lacks in the writing, but he can give Messrs Blanton and Leder a lesson or two in filmmaking. Acting, too. He plays one of the three heroes holding young Leslie Lee and her astoronic grandfather hostage. The old boy is paralysed as well, so he's no help. Leslie has to save them on his own. She does, too. Grandpa's reap takes one of one, the other one disposes of the second and the cops blow away the third (Fendel). Good as the director is, he's never been heard of again. His cameramen, Austin McKinney, is still in genial employment and the make-up man, Worth Kester, pumped up to director status for the *Rollerball* devil-dog 3-D rap.

Item 4 Yet another scribe-director getting his start in the horror genre. David Paulsen, shot *The Uptown Murders* in 1976. I saw it (I think) during the 1978 Cannes festival when the Uptown Murder Company's film was called *Killer Within the Mask*. So it goes. What became the Cannon group released it in 1981 and now they're putting it out again as *Savage Weekend*. Nothing has changed (yet) - it just looks older than it ever did, mainly because the victims of its masked killer happen to be a bunch of partying adults (and not teens in jeans at summer camp). Call it *Friday the 13th* and you get some idea - everything is off-centre. But as Cannon now have a British distribution office, maybe this will be the flag of these four oldest to play Britain. In a double bill, one hopes, and why not with Paulsen's next Cannon horror, *Murder by Mail* (1980) which top-lined Klaus Kinski and showed if nothing else, that David Paulsen had learned by his mistakes and improved his act by oh!... as much as 40%. In the world of thespians budgets that's better than average.

Comeback

Old as they are, three of the above four films are only being released this year: in the case of Don Kestler's *Bag* it is on the re-issue bed, via a company calling itself 21st Century which is rather an extremely considering most of its product are reissues. *Bag* is somewhat lugged down by a plethora of old-time Hollywoodians being seen to be simply earning their rent on salary money. They're pros, but look out of place in this *Crustace From the Black Bog* number. Aldo Ray is the sheriff, Leo Gordon and Marshall Thompson the doctors (or doctors?) trying to solve the slinky clues left by the murder-overth at the bottom of the local lake. Glone de Haven - once a lady extra in Chaplin's *Modern Times* (1936) - takes on a dual role of an old hag of the forest and, well, a younger hag of the town, both of whom attract the feature's creature and its need to reproduce itself. The fact that it didn't prove by the lack of a *Bag* it is the last five years. This is one for the lovers of *Whatever Happened To ?* magazine features. Combined age of the embarrassed looking veterans, by the way, comes to 330. Not that you'd know it from the poster!



Horror Fan

Surprise hiting film ambassess. Golden Hairs. Put her first movie with **Best Friends**. Gold has chosen a couple of leading men from the terror side of town. Ed Harris a Remains deceptively fun. **King of the Hill** and **Chapman** plays Gold's buddy in **Swing Shift**. Her main rival though, is **Kate Russell** the platinum Grammy crooner, who has been a regular at all John Capers's recent films like **Escape from New York** and **The Thing**. Kurt has been doing better than Ed in making his horror rep. abuse for him in the last flick. **Silverhead** has partners and **Mary McCormack** and **Cher**. And he's married to **Debbie** Huber. And he gets paid, as well. The grepping you hear is the sound of a new actor's life.

Figure 1

Even before collecting his second Oscar for his wondrous *ET* creature, Carls Remickel was up to his armpits in reptile in new movie offers. He's excited, but, I heard, on two. He's created the desert worm thingies in *Batman* — and is something rather more secret by David Bowie's psychological tale *Pinhead* on Andrew Niccol's (a novel)

On His Way

A new horror film invariably signals a new director. Sometimes it's a love-hate relationship with the critics—a case of love and all that. Sometimes not. Mark Romanek's career has these won't-over-quit a time of *Amateur* is a critique with his debut, *The House on Beverly Row*. Mark is 25. Some critics remember Spielberg was good at that age and he used to be an assistant to Brian De Palma. All of which would count for little if his film wasn't up to scratch. It doesn't happen to think it is, but then—seems—lies in the movie. "Romanek may be stuck with the overly familiar," writes *Ramona Thomas* in the *Los Angeles Times*. "But he's made the most of it, building suspense and terror slowly but surely to a dramatic finish and makes the callowness of his largely youthful cast work for the film, rather than against it." I prefer the cuts to the movie. Kathryn Minkoff writes in *Entertainment*, in contrast,

As You Were

A funny thing happened on my way to the cinema. During the Cannes festival last year, I received a hype brochure in my Press box for an American game-special: *Mausoleum*, by name. I've been waiting to see the film ever since. The delay in opening dates would appear to be explained by this year's hype: it's due for sale soon, with the only two options left. The new buyers would appear to have sent the movie back to the set for more than a million dollars.

Two screeners have been added to the original line-up. One of them happens to be right: mistake has for one of ours by calling herself, Julie Christy Murray! The film has a new composer, the old song must be buried by rare in the movie's setting. The assistant producer has been dropped and replaced by two newcomers. And writer Bob Barish has lost his co-writer credit — Edith Matar...



Memorials, Marriages and Funeral Home? Somewhere on there is a good place for a **reprint Ad** but this needs to be done **carefully**.



taking all the glory (and the blame). Bench has departed because he is no longer the director, either, while Madson remains the producer, you see. The new man in charge, it is a man and not a pseudonym covering any the reveal led by say the producer and his editor, is Michael Dugan.

A Rose By Any Other

Name ...

I gather *Muscleman* has, in fact, finally opened in America. Not far behind it are two other films of similar style and settings. Howard Zivnor is writer-producer-director of *Mercury* (and I really can't think of a better place for the untouchable team Lynda Day and Christopher George) ... while Canadian director William Fruet has Barry Morris among others, among the cast of his *Funeral Home*. Sounds like a triple bill for the holidays, wouldn't you say?

Curtains Up

Another alleged killer which has been in for surgery — in the movie *Muscleman*, no doubt — is a Canadian production (and called *Curtains*). Shooting started, I learn to recall, in November 1980. Since when, and so some have been shot, resulting in not a changed list of credits — but two lists referring to the crews working on what producer Peter R. Simpson euphemistically calls *Act I* and *Act II*. Only the name of the original director Richard Clugnia has been altered and in middle-some fashion the pseudonymized title of the film's main character, Jonathan Benken.

Naturally enough, the film has been named this way its neither one gains or the other anymore. None of the token suspense elements work if they ever did and all gore has been cut to an absolute minimum. Those attending the accident (about a bunch of actresses being knocked off at a film-maker's mansion) include Samantha Eggitt, as *Assange* Linda Thorson, John Kaniot and the Turner Twin girl, Sandra Currie, now killed — don't ask me why — as Sandra Warren. I think it's now meant to be a satire, but that's no good — horror speaks like *Paranormalities*, *Waco*, *Hysterical* and even Larry Cohen's *Full Moon Right* just don't work with the public either. Far now.

Close Encounters

One such touch of the spoonfeeders, Bruce Kimmis's 1981 *Beak*, *The Creature Walks At Night*, is about to try and find an audience under the new monocular and a type to watch — *Spookship*. It's going to have a few rivals. As the Spielberg touch continues to influence everyone, I hear of two other films due before the summer cameras called *Matinee Ship* and *City of Lights*. You get the collection, of course. ♪

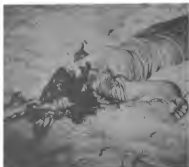
Enter: Psychic Vampires

Hollywood special effect genius Tom Burman is the real star of Tom McLoughlin's *One Dark Night*. The



That's Linda Thorson, as *Assange* *Diagrams of the Mouth*, in the outrageous *X*. Ray directed, in a change of mood, by the *Lesbian Rapscallion* man Ross Danson.

One of the more tasteful moments from the classic gore film *Blood Feast* rises due for a sequel.



director also supplied the script with Michael Haves. At least, they're coming up with a new variant on vampires. Psychic vampires, in fact. Whether they're pulling my leg or not, I can't rightly say, but they least their screenplay came about after reading a medical book about such diseases behind the Iron Curtain.

During his research, the Leningrad medical Dr. Sergeyev set up detectors certain distances from the bodies in his lab. Christly dead bodies. On one occasion, at least, no brain waves or heartbeats were recorded. But the detectors leaped into action four yards from the man's hollow body, the

electromagnetic force fields were pulsing. It seemed strange was being released."

The commentators take it from there in a nutty, if traditional tale, of a girl's high school society holding an initiation ceremony in an old crypt. Meg Tilley is about to become a Sister. She's looked in for the night — while her sisters, Robin Evans and Leslie Sprague fight, despite their names) prepare to wear her living life off her. Unfortunately for all three, they've chosen the wronged crypt in town. It's the one where the recently deceased local agent in psychic vanguard is buried. Having experienced in life with extracting bio-energy from the living, this tale said he'd become even more powerful in death.

You know something? He's right. What is Tom Bertram's case (for his son, Sonny, too) to reveal considerable havoc in the crypt. Ever seen a flying coffin?

Wonder what Dr. Sargoyev would make of it (if there's Dr. Sargoyev). The name seems a little too put for me. Surprised they didn't call him Boris, too, and have done with it. Still, I'm told by those in the know, it's not that bad, that Meg Tilley is a goddess and the Bertrams have one helluva good time.

Dying To Meet You

Jim Smit's Sweet Sixteen is the mixture as before. Part horror, part murder-mystery. Part soft-core naughty. Cute newcomer Alexis Shorley is the catalyst among the pignons of a small Texas town. She's a cute city dude, no pseudo. Just turning sixteen, when playing with Peter MacLean and Susan Strasberg, she has the local hotbeds all steamed up to date her. They do one by one. They die one by one. Sheriff Bo Hopkins has a mass murder on his mind, a potential racial explosion (as the local Indians are blamed for the crimes), his daughter playing amateur private eye(s) and his son falling for Alexis whose boyfriend always seems to die up with an extreme case of rigor mortis. For once the prologue is a real star real help make things work — I mean, any film with Sharon Farrell gauding can't be bad. The other thing in Sweet Sixteen's favor — it's the guys getting the chop, this once, not the girls. About time someone evened up the score.

Nostalgia Dept.

Of the genre names reported about in my last column, circa '78, most if not all are still gainfully employed. Spielberg, Romero, Argento, Cohen, Lucas — of course the Palme — reeling for the moment by modernizing the old Sealtest classic with Al Pacino in Paul Mann's shoes. One other '78 name has just popped up in a massive from mighty MGM which has fallen on my desk. This (as I described last time) indefatigable John Carradine. Now read on.

How Many?

Carol Green works in Hollywood. She's a film publicist. Her job is to get her current

movie assignment mentioned in the media (or not, as the case may be). So, she sends me this publicity sheet on MGM's fantasy special, *Lee Remick*. She calls it John Carradine's 170th film. That's a bigger fantasy than the script, honey!

As with all old-timers, such filmography figures take some proving. *Time Curtain* (1986) was heavily advertised as Hitchcock's 50th film, it wasn't. John Wayne was said to have made some 250 movies, he hadn't. And so on. The research job is more difficult in dear old John's case — so many of his foreign film names wound up with three or more titles a piece. I've been able, however, to make up a check-list of about 130 films. Six years ago in *deaf 14*, Alan Frank mentioned he'd added up 132 Carradine films... John, himself, now 73, once laid claim to having made, on average ten movies a year over 40 years.

So, any advance on 473 Carradine films? But, before you send your file, read this issue's Carradine Life Story — okay!

ANTHONY TATE'S HORROR HOTLINE USA

When I left England a few weeks ago to take up residence again in Hollywood, my ideas for this column were rather different. But the quarterly schedule of *Roll* makes my access to great exclusive material a little redundant. For example, I currently have lots of hot news about Steven Spielberg's new project *Gremlins*, by September, though, it will be old hat. So, instead, I'll pick up on a few interesting police and events which don't get too much coverage and expand on them.

GORE NEWS

Here's good news for all you aficionados of elastic gore! Twenty years ago, Hershel Gordon Lewis, 'The Wizard of Gore', gave us his best remembered (or best remembered?) blood and guts celebration in the form of *Blood Feast* (1963). Only recently re-released for the first time in many years, it is the kind of film that would make Mary Whitehouse turn over in her grave and to date, like most (if not all) of Lewis' pictures, has yet to reach US shores. If you ignore the real-life that he made his *Colour Me Blood Red*, his films today can be viewed as classics of bad taste (his *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, commuted with unintentional humor and intended (often perverted) laughs aside by side. It's therefore surprising that two decades later, a sequel should be in the works at Epic International. Producer Eric Carden, a gourmet of gore pictures, intends to re-unite the principal cast members (if possible) in his new feast of horror. Thomas Wood (who played the hero, Pete Thornton), Conita Mason (the tenting begonia) and the unfortunate Mel Arnold (who slithered the screen red as 'Chief' Fused Ramsey) will all be asked to reprise their original roles with Lewis involved as an advisor. A new director is being considered but a script has been



*New Horror Time: The movie's Hot staff doesn't share any of their names but, as the ad says, maybe they are all readers of *chaps*!*

*Carradine has just begun his 170th (2) movie, *The Lee Remick*. She looks like an idea, certainly started on *Victor Remick* died in 1982.*



AS WE REMEMBER THEM...



written by Michael (Frozen Scream) Scotty with help from Carden and co-producer Jimmy Lee Mason. Shooting begins late September in and around Los Angeles....

SHORT TAKE 1

Heretique, that odd yet fascinating movie from the lend-down-under, turned up triumphantly in L.A. this year as an acquisition of the ever expanding Epix International. About time someone cared about it....

THE PHANTOM LIVES

April takes us the 100th anniversary of the birth of Lon Chaney Sr., and to commemorate this and to publicize Forrest J. Ackerman's new book (see below for a review of that), the Gordon Theatre in Hollywood played host to a gathering of the faithful. The event was organized by Ackerman's publisher and personal assistant Brian Forbes and included showings of the classic *Phantoms of the Opera* and *Marked for Notre Dame*. Plans were also made to show *West of Zenobia* and *The Unholy Three* (1939 version) but, sadly, MGM backed out, echoing the general feeling and attitude of the media who shamefully ignored the event and anniversary....

SHORT TAKE 2

George Romero is decidedly unhappy about the ad campaign for the US release of Lucio Fulci's *City of the Living Dead* retitled here *Gateways of Hell*. Why? Well, get this for us, ad to note: good George's hackles. When there's no more room left, the dead shall rise to walk the earth! Sound familiar? At any rate he stopped the original choice for new US title *Twilight of the Dead*....

THE ONES WHO CARE

It's sad isn't it when no-one cares about the ails of Hollywood's golden era? But among those of us who did care enough to commemorate Lon Chaney Sr were Ray Bradbury, who wrote a special poem for the occasion, Robert Bloch, Ann Robinson, star of the classic 1932 *Wer at the World*, Paul Carraway, star of *The Beast Within*, who is currently suing Spielberg over alleged story theft on *Pottergeist*; genre film authorities Ron Burt and George Turner; makeup wizard William Tuttle, and effects maestro Roger Dobbs, now back in England to live after three years in Los Angeles. A final and interesting point on the evening, though, is that the print of *Phantoms of the Opera* shown was a composite of different versions due to the scarcity of a good complete print, and the rumour was that there is no longer a *Phantom* print in existence. So, in the version shown, we saw sequences from the original, the re-release and the super-rare 'all-talking' version of 1930 and, as consequence, the film did not end with the usual scene of the Phantom directing in the River Seine but with a somewhat pre-wedding sequence from the 1930 film. Lon Chaney, 'The Man of a Thousand Faces', may be long gone but he's obviously not forgotten by those who care....

SHORT TAKE 3

Speaking of comies as we were, did you know that Tabu Cooper is directing *Return of the Living Dead* for 20th Century Fox in 3-D? Should open around Christmas in the UK, very seasonal!

LOM OF A THOUSAND FACES

'At last - a magnificent monument to haunted and haunting Lon Chaney!' Those are the words of Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babes*, describing Forrest J. Ackerman's most recent and most personal work. *Lon of a Thousand Faces*, published by the Morrison, Raven Hill Company at \$12.50. Ackerman needs no introduction to the vast world of Horror film, as the most famous and probably his greatest film in the realm of fantasy. He is known and loved the world over, mainly as editor of over 100 issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, the world's first regular film-fantasy magazine. Sadly, over the years FM's popularity and quality have deteriorated and Perry must have felt trapped at times having to write, as publisher James Warren's insistence, for a readership with an average age of 17½. Now, having left FM and free to write as himself, he gives us the depth and quality of work that we have been waiting for.

This volume is not all that large but what Ackerman writes, he writes well. The majority of the book's written words are from such diverse talents as Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Kenneth S. Cothran and Vincent Price amongst others. But what really stands out about the book is the love and care that went into it. Perry's love and care. Magnificently illustrated with stills (some never before seen) it is, like his previous book *Lon Chaney's Movie World*, a visual feast for the eyes with rare shots from films like *Mystery* (1927), *White City Blues* (1928) and *The Miserable* (1928) providing issues to be treasured.

Chaney was a tortured genius whose screen success was in direct contrast to his tragic and troubled off-screen life. It's here, perhaps, that the book falls short of expectations as it touches all too briefly on points of major importance but, to be fair, one doubts that it was ever meant to be a complete chronicle of Chaney's all too-short life. More a scattering of the important films and events in his lifetime, personal thoughts and feelings of those who loved (and still do) and more than anything, a simple and honest tribute. It says again, it is probably Perry's most personal work. So despite its flaws (minor perhaps) we have a publication that brings us the true flavor of the man. Now if only he would do the same for Bela Lugosi....

SHORT TAKE 4

However fans will be disappointed to hear that *Quatermass* II will not be appearing on video. Writer Nigel Kneale apparently owns the rights as part of his original deal with Hammer and, it seems, thinks the film too poor to appear....

THE FIFTEEN YEARS LATER AFFAIR

This month (April) saw the return after fifteen years of these men from U.N.C.L.E.



"Erik".

The Phantom of the Opera,
meets Forry Ackerman
at last!

Ray Bradbury
at the
Chaney birthday
celebrations.



in *The Return of the Man from U.R.G.E.*. The *Fifties Years Later Affair*, to give it its full and long-winded title, it reunites Robert Vaughn (as debonair Napoleon Solo) with David McCullum (dastardly sidekick Ilia Karyakin) in a battle with a reformed T.H.R.U.S.H. — now 'a nuclear power.' Come, however, is the head of U.R.G.E., Alexander Mavrosky, played originally by the late Lap-C. Carroll, the man who replaces him is an *Avenger* Patrick Markey, who lends an air of dependability to the proceedings. Ratings for the TV film were very good and so a possibility of a return to the regular series format cannot be ruled out entirely. What you see it, though, is worth out for a cameo by George Lazenby playing (as if Sean Connery in *Never Say Never Again*) and Roger Moore in *Octopussy* weren't enough in one year! James Bond.

SHORT TAKE: 5

Well, that's all for this time. Rather heavy on the Ian Chaney news, perhaps, but as the original Master of Mayhem that is only appropriate. So, to quote a popular, local horror movie TV host, "Until next time, unpleasant dreams!"

FORRY ACKERMAN REMEMBERS THE MIRACLE MAN

Who was Ian Chaney? the TV *Midnighter* asked me. It was April 5, this year, 180 years to the day since Alonso Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, USA. Oh, an audience has just come to light, he may have been born Leonard because came the Lord Frank Chaney.

Who was Ian Chaney? "Well who," I replied, "Who?" He was an Oriental, he was a Russian, he was a Jew, he was a Mexican. He was legless, he was blind, he was amless (but really harmless). He was a mad scientist, he was a monster. He was a hunchback, he was a phantom, he was a vampire. He was a cardiologist and a clown. He was even a 'Tootsie', grandma style, a half a century before Queen Hoffman. He was an spelman and he was unbelievably human.

He was the Man of a Thousand Faces, the greatest character actor of the silent '20s, a super star along with Chaplin, Poole, Ford, Valentino, Swanson, Bow.

"He played so many diverse roles that the public was amazed. 'Don't take on it — it may be Ian Chaney!'"

"But in between roles, he was wont to say there was no Ian Chaney. He was just an ordinary guy, shunning publicity, making only the crowd."

"Born of deaf-mute parents, Chaney comically died mute — of cancer of the throat in August of 1930. He died Grigoryan Tull Chaney, better known as Ian Chaney Jr., famed for his characterization of the ill-fated lycanthrope Larry Talbot, the Wolf Man, and for his memorable performance as Lenny, the powerful child-like victim in

John Steinbeck's Of Mice and Men

Lon Chaney Sr. made and/or directed over 150 films, including *The Phantom of the Opera*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *A Blind Hunch* (aka *The Octave of Christmas*), *London After Midnight*, *White Fang*, *Stage*, *The Blood*, *The Miracle Man*, *The Tower of Lies*, *Mr Wu* (a triple characterization as three generations of Chinese), *The Unholy 3* (silent and talking - in the decade he was on his way to becoming known as *The Man of A Thousand Faces*) and film historians speculate that had he lived, there might never have been a *Karloff*. Lugosi, Kane or Laine as we know them for the roles of *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *Dr. Moreau*, *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde*, the Mummy et al might repeatedly have been his. Universal Studios even wanted him for a *Return of the Phantom* or, as you'd say today, *The Phantom of the Opera 2*.

Two months in advance of Chaney's 100th birthday I wrote to 125 major newspapers in America, papers with large circulations and Sunday feature sections, pointing out the special upcoming occasion and volunteering to provide a feature of any length and any slant. I emphasized that I had over 1500 photos from which a selection could be made. I invited the editors to call me collect.

The phone did not ring once.

The shame of nation.

To my knowledge, only the town in which Chaney born took notice of his natal day. The editor of the *Western* section of the *Colorado Springs Sun* asked his fellow citizens, "There are no monuments to Lon Chaney in his home town - no reminder that one of the world's most famous actors began his life here. No statues, plaques or written decrees and no buildings, streets or parks bear his name. To paraphrase Shakespeare: Here was Colorado Springs' most famous native son. Whence comes another?"

But I was determined Lon Chaney's 100th birthday should not pass uncelebrated, so my assistant, Brian Forbes, publisher of *Los Ol 1000 Faces*, got busy. He rented a theatre (seating 800) and an organ, secured (or thought he had) three films of Chaney's, created and circulated handbills, sent out a couple of hundred invitations to important Hollywood Chaneyophiles, and on the last night of March about 400 of the faithful turned up to honour the memory of *The Miracle Man*.

The Marquee of the Gordon Theatre commemorated Chaney's 100th Birthday.

The glass-covered display cases surrounding the box-office exhibited a selection of Chaney posters, stills, lobbycards, sheet music and paintings not even assembled together upon this planet in over half a century.

Ray Bradbury read the audience a death-oriented poem for the occasion.

Robert Bloch was introduced.

Ann (War of the Worlds) Robinson, William (Lugosi's Best) Nolan, Bobbe (Hunchback) Hoopes, Sylvia (Fanny's Unholy Hunch) Maguire and revised *Word Table* Margulies, Wendayne (Rocky to the Rise) McGuire, Ackerman, Walt Dougherty (Fanny's Master's



The great Lon Chaney in his top most famous roles: *Phantom of the Opera* and *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.



photographer of the mon-sters), Bentley author Walt (Lugosi's), silent artist Ro Kin (Jan of 1000 Faces), Monsieur Science (Fanny de France) Georges Gallat, Makeup artist William (The 7 Faces of Dr. Leo Tuffe) and numerous other personalities were present.

At the paroxysmal moment MGM Studios pulled the rug out from under the programme. It had been understood that the Studio (for whom Chaney had made millions in his time) would make prints available gratis of *West of Zenith* and *The Unholy 3* (silent). Instead they demanded \$500 per print for retained \$1 out of each ticket at the box-office. The entrance fee had deliberately been kept to a low-low \$2.50 - a bargain, it was felt, for a 2-hour show with organ accompaniment and celebrity introductions - with no thought of making any profit but so it turned out to be a badly needed subvention of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* being made for Zanoff and Lugosi's loss of approximately \$400 was suffered with at least one unreasonably angry patron calling the tribute a rip-off.

Verna Lundon deservedly received a standing ovation for his organ accompaniment for *Hunchback* and *Phantom*. He contributed his performance thus in homage to the memory of the man being honoured. Lundon was the last artist to make up the late Boris Karloff.

Kimo Korean, Isle of the Hollywood Wax Museum, unveiled in the lobby a life-size figure of Chaney as the Phantom of the Opera.

Two newspapers covered the event but in an ungenerously cavalier treatment five TV programmes were refused cooperation by the theatre manager. Famous Hollywood TV news anchorman George Fennema neverthe less applauded the event as "Wonderful".

As emcee of the event, I wore the 'hair worn by Bela Lugosi in *The Invisible Ray*, informing the audience that fellow players of Chaney's from Prince Sile's domain were represented this evening via the suit I was wearing, the (in his top) Manning ring of Karloff's, Peter Lanza's swastarch, the black patch in my pocket which once covered the eye of Fritz Lang who gave us his vision of the future 100 years hence in *Metropolis*. I also produced the First Edition of *Dracula* recorded by Bram Stoker, an early 19th century edition of *Frankenstein* containing a pressed tree leaf from the garden of the villa where Mary Shelley created her legendary monster. And, among the living, I showed such momentous as a white mask of Ess Lanchester as the Bride of Frankenstein, a hairmask of John Canadine, and stagean out-fits given me by Ray (The Great Animator) Harryhausen. Lastly, I displayed a life mask of Lon Chaney Jr. and the top hat worn by senior as the ghoulish creature in the last film, *London After Midnight*.

To cap the dinner, I introduced the members of the Chaney family to the audience and shortly after midnight the others sang to the voices of his assembled fans singing HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LON CHANEY!!!

BOOK COLUMN

by
Dave Reeder

It is not often that a new book attains instant recognition as a classic, but that is surely the fate of *Bill Warren's Kisses With the Devil* - McFarland Books Inc. & Bantam Ltd 1985 95, 1982. And that is quite a book with a price like that but, contrary to my initial shock, I can only say that the price is immaterial. This is the first volume of a two-part look at SF movies of the 1950s (volumes 1 covers 1950-71 and the book's relentless progress through classics like *Destination Moon* and *War of the Worlds* to unimmemorable like *Fire Machine* from Outer Space and *Gog*. Warren covers everything and has clarity, conversational style makes the book rather like a knowledgeable friend discussing movies over a glass or two of beer. Often his personal comments of how he conned his mother into taking him as a child to see some gem put the usual format of full plot, full credits and background into sharper focus and his sense of humour makes the whole thing even more readable. For *Kiss With the Devil* for instance, he says "With a title like that it hardly seems necessary to go on" but go on he does, and delivers the dreadful movie with the incisive and revealing comments of a man who loves even a Grade 2 shooter like that. Interestingly about the only movie he hasn't seen is the British *David Goli* from 1954 (1964), which the BBC ran recently and whose hypnosis sexuality kept me glued to the set! I loved this book and would urge you to buy a copy - or at least order it from the library in a field where fantasy film books abound (and usually abound quite cheaply and superficially) this one shines out as the model example of how it should be done. Quite simply, a treat and a classic one at that.

To many of us who grew up in the 60s, *The Avengers* was always the ultimate TV series and Steve Rogers' book of the same name (ITV Books, 04 55 1980) reminds me of how great the series was - current repeats on Channel 4 don't hurt either! *The Avengers* was written, well-written and beautifully acted and unlike the agents of the contemporary *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Steed and his core partners played the whole thing with such style and wit that the basic authoritarian nature of the series never disturbed the existing political consciousness of the 60s, unlike those offensive *Avengers*' eg offs like *Jason King* or *Department S*. And this at that right looks like the ultimate *Avengers* book - background to the shows conception, analysis of the different seasons and characters and for us here into final a complete plot synopsis and credits for all. *The Avengers* shows the depth of detail is absorbing and revelatory and example is Brian Clement's involvement in the series - I was amazed to see that this man, who for me at least, epitomised the style of the show's writing and production, only really became involved in the third season (*Kisses With the Devil* is his last work). My only real criticism is the lack of anything but a short background piece on *The New Avengers* - the plot/credits detail of the rest of the book readily makes here and

seems inexcusable, especially as space is devoted to *The Avengers* stage show and radio series.

One of the difficulties fantasy fans find when their interest in the genre moves beyond a casual one is the sheer impossibility of seeking out hard information on many fantasy films. *Walt Lee's classic Reference Guide to Fantasy Films* is indispensable, of course, but even that is now more than ten years old! Bill Warren (who was Lee's assistant) has written the perfect book for 1950s SF but the rest of the field is wide open and a number of books are appearing (which attempt to fill the gap). One of the most interesting recent titles is John McCarty's *Video Sermons* - FantaCo, 07 95 1983 - which, despite its declared aim of covering horror films on video in the US, does contain a lot of useful info on obscure horror films of the last few years which, despite a whole slew of fantasy film magazines, still seem pretty obscure. Anyone who read the recent *Splatter Movies* will find this an invaluable index to that rather superficial book and really for anyone desperate to know some details of *Bloodbath* (1970) or *The Legend of Splatter Forest* (1971) this is pretty essential reading. Lacking a cross index between UK/US/Vides films makes it not quite as useful as it should be but it is still a handy addition to your reference library.

Some books are such naturalists that I have wonder they don't already exist. With the major publishers this season bringing out another crop of 'celebrity' biographies, it was left to the enterprising Tom & Jerry Co. to give us Hall contributor Terry Crowley's *The Screen Spielberg Story* (04 55, 1980) which, as the first biography of the world's most successful director is pretty essential reading. An early draft of this book appeared recently in *Saturday* and *Chance* but for the book Crowley has expanded his earlier piece and brought it right up to date to include Spielberg's disappointing showing at the recent Oscar ceremony. Terry Crowley's specialty is the interview which he always allows to move at the subject's pace and in most cases chosen direction, the inevitable technique here produces a fascinating portrait of Spielberg told through several interviews but rearranged to tell a chronological story... and what a story! Even if you've read the magazine version this is a book that every one of you should be buying a model of the quick, no-frills, well researched and engagingly written and presented film biography. Excellent value too, and the style and timeliness of this title reeks of *Zombes* as a complete to watch - they're also reprinting a series of classic film noir novels -

People derelieved by my insistence on hard information in fantasy film books should perhaps have seen the near breakdown I had trying to compile this week's *Thriller* bibliography. It really is the one great problem with loving fantasy film! Future volumes will look at books, however and anything else of interest that publishers and editors send to me via the editorial address.

Although a newcomer to the professional magazine world, Dave Reeder has been active in the magazine hobby scene for some years. He edited the *British Fantasy Magazine Bulletin* for two years before moving on to edit and publish the horror fiction fantasy *Fantasy Magazine* and write a number of short and genre fan articles such as *Raymond Taye, Gaudin and Delapierre* in *British Science* or the *UHF and SFF Writers* and *Magazines* in *Science Fiction Quality*. He writes as a science fiction fan.

HOUSE OF THE LONG SHADOWS

Review by
Anthony Tate

The cast of *The House of the Long Shadows* is again as good with the curse comes terror.

Then, that is, in the form of *Five Minutes of Madness* as for the first time ever, Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and John Carradine come together to do evil spectacles of the 1980s as they have chills and thrills of cinema's past before.

The film is the brainchild of Peter Walker (director), Jimmy Craven (screenplay producer) and Michael Armstrong – no stranger to the genre – who wrote the screenplay.

Manuel Golan and Yoram Globus of Cannon Films thought that the idea of featuring the four giants of horror for one feature was superb, but they needed a suitable storyline. To assemble the actors in the first place was no easy task, as at any one time their schedules would not mesh and the money had to be perfect. In fact, Lee Craven's ITC Company had previously attempted the teaming with *The Monster Club* (1981) (along with other notable horror stars Klaus Kinski and Elsa Lanchester). But one way or another, that teaming just didn't happen and indeed *The Monster Club* was a major flop – so much so that it didn't pick up a distributor for the US.

All this must have given the producers of *Long Shadows* some cause for concern. Handling the film in the right way that became even more important than usual and promotion is what Golan and Globus are all about. Without their skill and flair, could useful films like the *Lemon Popsicle* series ever be so popular?

The producers approached Peter Walker and Jimmy Craven, who went into action contacting Michael Armstrong to ask him to come up with a suitable story. A few weeks later he handed over the witty and outrageously fun screenplay, based loosely on the classic *Seven Keys to Baldpate* by Earl Derr Biggers (who wrote the Charlie Chan series of novels which have spawned over 30 films). The screenplay interested the principal players sufficiently for them to agree, this must have pleased Armstrong, still less their happy that his proposed screenplay *The Game of Termination* had failed to develop into a movie.

With Peter Walker at the helm, the film was bound to be a bit of fun – a quality of most of his previous efforts which, although not great artistic successes, were very enjoyable. Filmed on a five week shooting schedule, *Long Shadows* was shot completely on location in Hampshire, complete with authentic Gothic mansion.

Successful and cynical writer Kenneth Magee plays his part nicely by Dan Aronoff as in England to promote his latest book. He falls into a bed with his publisher Sam Aikman (Richard Todd) that he cannot write a novel within 24 hours. Spurred by the \$25,000 dollar wage he must do the piece and equal of *Baldpate* in the closest anyone can get to the (circumstances) in order to write his book overnight. But Magee, to our great

surprise, is in for more than he bargained for!

Supposedly empty for over 40 years, the house is in fact inhabited by two mysterious caretakers, played by John Carradine and Ian Old Peter Walker (favourite) Sheila Keith. Already unnerved by an incident at the railway station (an old woman who mysteriously vanished) he begins his story. He is not alone for long in addition to the caretakers, a succession of apparently unrelated visitors arrive – Sebastian Rand (Peter Cushing), Lionel Gresham (Vincent Price) and Conigan (Christopher Lee). A battle for survival begins that will last through a night of terror.

Between the four of them, Price, Cushing, Lee and Carradine have completed over 800 films and, in the coming together of their talents, *Long Shadows* shows us again the magic we felt when Lee and Cushing gave us *Dracula* (1958) when Price and Lee sent shivers down the spine with the wonderful (and under-rated) *Scream and Scream Again* (1968) and when John Carradine played victim to Price's vampire in the otherwise disappointing *The Monster Club* (1981). The chemistry of the four great horror actors works like a charm.

Joining them for the film is Dan Aronoff, now a long way from his mother's famous antics on *The Lucille Ball Show* (and variants). After heading a *Look In* and producing for TV he began a limited film career with such titles as *Billie Two Hats* and Robert Altman's *A Wedding*. Now, as Magee the cynical and troubled writer, he gives a pleasing performance. The most noted actor performer (for genre fans, that is) is Richard Todd who gives an interesting performance in *American Airlines* (as *Ball 24*) in that film he played a wife murderer whose wife fell out up and was kept in brown paper parcels) gained a savings from beyond the grave!

Sheila Keith, on the other hand, is an old comrade of Walker, having appeared in *Peepholes*, *Believe* and *The Curseback* amongst others for him. As the weird Victoria Gresham she leads a silent protest to the proceedings as the constantly hovering caretaker – reminiscent of the caretaker in *Cat and the Canary* (1927) – who knows more than she cares to tell.

One more note to the picture is the fact that Christopher Lee gives one of his best performances for some time, in the very type of film that made him a star and on which he turned his back. Since renouncing the horror genre and embracing life in California his films have become bigger, but he has been misused in films like *Airport 77*, *Star Wars* *Invaders* and *Return to Witch Mountain* which did his reputation no good at all. Why did he turn his back on the genre? Perhaps the constant scream of 'us-of-the-mill' is a corollary that came his way in the early 1970s turned him against them, but however badly his *Dracula* career at Hammer fell in quality, surely *Dracula AD 1972* is preferable to, say *Starship Invaders*? Films like *Star Island*, with big scale casts and small scale scripts, have destroyed



much of the respect that fantasy fans once felt for him. He is still regarded as one of the giants of horror, but it will take more time like *Houses of the Lang Shallows* to give back to an actor some feel we have lost, when a filmmaker and man has lost.

John Carradine, though, has long been a regular in the world of gothic fantasy. More and more, his screen roles have leached the world of the unknown to our delight (see *HoW's* career history on page 13). At age 77 and even as a victim of severe arthritis, John still attacks his roles with vigor (however bad the film is) like the true professional he has always been. Over the years, he has appeared in screen classics like *House of Frankenstein* (1944), *The Invisible Man's Revenge* (1944), *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944 again), last year's *Dracula and the Bedchamber* (1999). He continued his career through some fun-sci-fi films such as *Wendell* (1943), *Black Swan* (1956) (which won a gold card), *Invasion of the Astro-Zombies* (1958), *Houses of the Seven Gables* (1973) and *Shock Waves* (1976) and with appearances that chill in films like *The Howling* (1981) (he has no intention of retiring).

As a contrast both Peter Cushing and Vincent Price have been relatively inactive in recent years (though, of course, they have long been leaders in their field). Cushing's most prominent role of late was as Grand Moff Tarkin in *Star Wars* (1977), a role he attacked with much Price too, since they both starred in *Madhouse* (1964), has been in only a handful of roles: *Fanny's Progress* (1975), *Butterfly Ball* (1975), *Scavenger Hunt* (1976) and, of course, *The Monster Club* (1981). Such inactivity he explains as due to a lack of scripts of sufficient quality but, frankly, none of the above (apart from the entertaining *Butterfly Ball*) are particularly good. Still, it is a delight to have him back and with his cohorts in terror on their old familiar stomping ground.

And our delight in welcoming back to the genre such giants and our pleasure in seeing them all together for the first time is deepened by the fact that *Houses of the Lang Shallows* is such fun and so highly enjoyable. **Pete Walker**
congregational ■



Who says
horror stars can't look smart? Not
Vincent Price, that's for sure!
Peter Cushing is a thoughtful man!



The four
Masters of
Menace:
Vincent Price
John Carradine
Peter Cushing
and
Christopher Lee

Pete Walker Filmography

I Like Blood (1940)

Sea Film

For Men Only (1940)

Sea Film

The Big Switch (1941)

Cinema Film

Soldier for Sex (1949)

Sea Film

Man of Violence (1949)

Cinema Film

Death in Card (1950)

Sea Film

Die Sussmoring Maritima (1951)

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: Murray Smith.

Photog: Norman Longley. Music: Cyril

Demerd.

Starring: Susan George, Bette Davis,

Christopher Sandford, Judy Huxtable & Leo

Gann

Four Dimensional Gears (1952)

3-D sea film

The Pearl and Blood Stone (1952)

3-D adventure film.

Tiffany Jones (1952)

Cinema Film

House of Whiplash (1954)

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: Pete Walker &

David McGilver. Photog: Peter Jessup.

Music: Stanley Myers. Starring: Barbara

Marshall, Francis Lee, Ray Brooks, Anne

Monahan, Penny Irving & Sheila Keith.

Nightmare (1954)

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: David McGilver.

Photog: Peter Jessup. Music: Stanley Myers.

Starring: Rupert Davies, Sheila Keith, Deborah

Delprat, Paul Greenwood, Kim Rutherford, Leo

Gann & David Flood.

House of Moral Sin (1956)

3-D The Confessional OR Video: The

Confessional Murders.

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: David McGilver.

Photog: Peter Jessup. Starring: Anthony

Sharp, Sheila Keith, Susan Penhaligon &

Stephenie Beucham.

Belita (1956)

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: David McGilver.

Photog: Peter Jessup. Music: Stanley Myers.

Starring: Lynne Frederick, John Leyden,

Stephenie Beucham, John Fraser, Jack Watson

& Gwynne Watts.

The Conquest (1957)

Prod/Dir: Pete Walker. Scr: Murray Smith &

Michael Sloan. Photog: Peter Jessup. Music:

Stanley Myers.

Starring: Jack Jones, Pamela Stephenson,

David Doyle, Bill Owen & Sheila Keith.

Home Before Midnight (1960)

Sea Film.

House of the Long Shadows (1962)

Prods: Minnieberg Golden & Yeaman Goldsue. Dir:

Pete Walker. Scr: Michael Armstrong. Music:

Richard Harvey.

Starring: Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, Peter

Cushing, John Carmichael, Sheila Keith, Des

Arnes Jnr & Richard Todd.

Notes:

1. Walker was also considered for the sequel to *Deep* called *Cata* and the *Sea Picnic* movie then called *Starla Beach*.

2. He has also written unfinished scripts called *Deliver Us from Evil* and *Swamp*.



One station from London Bridge

QUALITY COMICS

South London's top fantasy bookshop - 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP Tel: (01) 691-7327



HALF PRICE SALE
Mon Sat 24 - 29 Oct
10.00am - 6.00pm

Flashbacks

7 Dean St. London W.1. Tel. (01) 437 8562

Specialists in
Cinema Posters
and
Star Portraits

Full Mail Order Service
Catalogue £1.50

Shop 10.30 - 7.30
Monday - Saturday



JOHN CARRADINE

Feature by
Stephen Jones

John Carradine was born Richmond Reed Carradine on February 20th, 1906 in Greenwich Village, New York, the son of William Reed Carradine (a noted poet, artist and attorney) and Genevieve Woodard (Richmond) Carradine. While still at school, he decided to take up acting when he saw Robert Russell in a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Life was hard during these formative years. He later recalled: "My father died when I was ten and we didn't have a penny. My mother stopped pretending as a surgeon for twenty years as she could bring it up. It wasn't an easy situation."

Following a family quarrel when he was fourteen ("I was afraid I'd misbehaved and my step-father refused to buy me new trousers"), Carradine ran away from home and toured the Southern states working as a sketch artist, sometimes making as much as fifteen dollars a day.

His travels finally brought him to New Orleans, where he made his stage debut at the Charles Theatre in the 1926 production of *Carrilla*. He soon joined a local Shakespearean stock company and began his life-long appreciation of the playwright. "Shakespeare's immortal works are the last flowering ground for a actor," he later admitted.

Desiring to try his luck in the quickly-expanding film industry of Hollywood, Carradine hitch hiked his way to California, arriving in April 1927. After failing to get a job as a set designer for Cecil B. DeMille ("DeMille observed the lack of Roman columns in my sketches"), Carradine joined local theatre groups in the Los Angeles area, making ends meet by sketching, impromptu readings and dish washing.

On February 23rd 1928 he appeared at the Eden Theatre with another young actor, Boris Karloff. The production was *Window Pones*. Carradine's role was that of a supernatural and Karloff portrayed a Rasputin like character. This began a friendship between the two men who, in later years, became famous as Masters of cinematic horror.

Carradine's next step was to form his own Shakespearean company, in which he produced, directed and played the lead in *Richard III* and *Hamlet*.

In desperate need of money, the actor made his movie debut at Columbia's *Typhoon Devil* (1930), under the name John Peter Richmond. A number of minor roles followed. In 1931 he was offered the part of the monster in Universal's *Frankenstein*. However, like Bela Lugosi, he turned it down because the role had no dialogue. "I got a call to go to Universal and I was sent out to the makeup man, and the first thing he started to do is to mix a bowl of plaster. Well, being a sculptor I knew he was about to take a life mask of me and as I said, 'What is this, what do I play?' he said, 'You play a monster.' I said, 'A monster?' I was very conscious of being a legitimate stage actor and I was thinking right away of dialogue. 'Do I have any dialogue?' He said, 'No you just growl, I said to myself, 'This is not for me,' so I walked out and went home. And three months later, they got Karloff." Of course the film made his

friend an international star, but Carradine later said "To this day I've never regretted having refused the role, but I know he (Karloff) has regretted taking it. He is a talented actor and capable of far more than he has been given credit for."

DeMille used Carradine's distinctive voice in his 1932 spectacle *The Sign of the Cross* and the actor made his fantasy film debut that same year in a low budget as a Cockney villager in James Whale's classic *The Invisible Man*. The following year DeMille used him in *Cleopatra* and there is also an extremely short view of his back, as an eager playing Devil worshipper, in Universal's *The Black Cat* (1934) (B. House of Doom) which starred Karloff and Lugosi.

By now he had a contract with Universal to appear in bit parts which didn't stop him from making films for other studios, and by 1935 he was using the name John Carradine.

Among the bit roles he played that year was the small but memorable part of the village woodman who burns in on the monitor and the blind harrier in Whale's *The Bride of Frankenstein*. Carradine himself repeated the role of the harrier forty five years later in the Broadway disaster, *Frankenstien*.

In 1936 Carradine left Universal and joined 20th Century Fox. Over the next seven years he rose from bit player to character actor and produced some of his finest work.

Although supporting appearances in such programmes as *Thank you, Mr. Moto* (1937) and *Mr. Moto's Last Warning* (1938) — both starring Peter Lorne — were usual during this period, memorable roles followed in John Ford's *The Prisoner of Shark Island* (1938) *Captains Courageous* (1937) — Carradine's favorite performance, as a supercilious seaman *Kidnaped* (1938) *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (1939) and *Jezebel* (1938). These culminated in his superb Southern gambler Harfield in Ford's classic western *Stagecoach*. "What a great part! Well had in that one!" he made a star out of John Wayne.

Carradine's next film was Fox's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1939) the first of the series starring Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson. Along with Lionel Atwill, he was included only as a red herring. Carradine played Barryman, the Butler, and he wasn't very happy about the film: "They made me wear a beard to make me look sinister. Of course, no English butler ever wore a beard! But the idea was for audiences to say 'He did it! He did it!'"

The 1940s began with one of his finest performances, that of ex-convict Jim Casey in John Ford's version of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Some good roles followed in Fritz Lang's *The Return of Frank James*, *Brigham Young - Frontiersman* and *Chad Hanna* but by the time he appeared in the Milton Seltz comedy *Whispering Ghosts* (1942) — the last film under his Fox contract — the quality of the actor's parts was obviously deteriorating. This heralded the turn his career took over the next four decades.

Carradine's first starring role in a major film was *Captive Wild Women* (1943), one



of a series of three films Universal made around the theme in an attempt to boost their failing horror cycle. Carradine played Dr. Sigmund Winters, who experiments with gaseous injections and brain transplants to turn a gorilla into a beautiful girl played by Accattino. (Carradine's scenes were used as flashbacks in the follow-up, *Jungle Women* (1944).)

Over the next year he appeared in many similar roles. In a string of low-budget horror programmes for such companies as Universal, Monogram and PFC, he repeated his mad doctor performance in *Revenge of the Zombies* (1943), *The Gorgon* (1943) and *The Invisible Man's Revenge*. He was the morose assistant to George Zucco and Bela Lugosi in *Werewolf Men* and became Lugosi's brain transplant victim in *Batman of the Apes Men*. A better characterisation was that of the villainous high priest Yusef Bey, in *The Mummy's Ghost* (the third of Universal's first film series). Bey sends the living mummy Khans (Lon Chaney, Jr.) after a lovely New England college girl who is the reincarnation of the Egyptian Princess Ananka!

1944 also marked the actor's so-called performance as the mad Persian biter in PFC's *Nightmare*, during which the director, Edgar G. Ulmer (who previously helmed *The Black Cat* in 1934), gave Carradine a chance to direct. "I had an idea about the scene and he let me direct it, and they shot it and printed it, as I directed it, which was very fascinating. It's the only time I ever directed in pictures. I've done a lot of directing in the theatre."

In 1945 Carradine joined the ranks of numerous other actors with his interpretation of Count Dracula in Universal's premiere horror *House of Frankenstein* and *House of Dracula*. These films also featured the Wolfman (Lon Chaney, Jr.) and the Frankenstein monster (Glenn Strange), along with various mad scientists and hunchback assistants. In the hope of giving the flagging series a short reprieve Carradine's gaunt figure, piercing eyes and penetrating voice – helped by John P. Fulton's man-into-bat transformations and the atmospheric vision of the victims' twilight world – were an interesting variation to Lugosi's stage and, until then, definitive version of the role. "I tried to get as near as I could to Stoker's character, who in the book has a hawk's nose, red eyes and a long white moustache," explained Carradine. "Well,

As were the eyes that blind, jaws that hiss that dead, above all, beware being underlined! (1943's only!)

The kindly Dr Carradine lays his gentle hands on the Caprine Wild Woman



THEY'RE A CLOSE ENCOUNTER
OF A DIFFERENT KIND



Warm blood isn't all they suck!

ARMED & DANGEROUS! "VAMPIRE HOOKERS"
A BLOOD-SPURTING PRODUCTION...STARRING JOHN CARRADINE
DIRECTED BY CAROL REED...1934 BLOOD PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

of course Universal wouldn't let me do that, but I was able to keep a little blonde in contact."

It was twenty years before the actor recreated the role again, but in the meantime he played Dracula on the stage. Just the way Storm Broderick had written it.

Monogram's *Face of Horror*, in which he was yet another scientist obsessed with reviving the dead, was one of only two films he made in 1946. Carradine announced that he was returning to the stage and in October that year he made his Broadway debut in *The Duchess of Malfi*. For the next eight years he concentrated on his stage work and during that time only appeared in a handful of films.

Carradine later explained the reason for his exile from Hollywood: "I was an absolute fugitive. My ex-wife had me thrown in jail twice. So I just had to leave California. I went to New York to do stage work...and when I was able to get back to Hollywood, I found that things had changed a lot."

In the meantime, he made television deals but in February 1948, playing Malvolio in NBC's *Twelfth Night*. A variety of television roles followed, and in 1952 he appeared as Max Rothen's sinister criminal villain in the pilot episode of the NBC TV series, *The Adventures of Fu Manchu* (screened as *We Did*), distinguished British actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke was pitted against Carradine as Fu's nemesis, Maynard Smith.

Following problems over unpaid taxes with the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Carradine returned to films in 1964 in *Cassandre's Big Night*. Although a typical Boto Hope comedy, the cast included such horror heavies as Basil Rathbone, Lon Chaney Jr., Raymond Burr and Vincent Price. Two years later he was reunited with Rathbone in another comedy, *The Court Jester* (starring Danny Kaye) and *The Black Sleep*. In the latter, a low-budget, horror-thriller directed by Reginald Le Borg, Carradine portrayed Borg, one of the mad patients of the sinister Dr. Cadman (Rathbone) who uses an eastern drug, *Nelut* Anthraiz, the black sleep, to experiment on the brains of his victims. Atom Tamiotti, Lon Chaney Jr., Rafia Luguel and Tor Johnson were also involved in this gruesome 1969 century melange.

That same year Cecil B. DeMille cast Carradine as Aaron, Moses' brother, in his big-budget epic *The Ten Commandments*, and the actor was included in the star-studded adaptation of Julius Verne's *Around the World in 80 Days* (1984). Un-

fortunately, these were exceptions, and far more indicative of the period were such roles as *The Unearthly* (1957, with Tor Johnson), American Footage specially shot for the Japanese *Red Heaven* (1955-57), *The Cosmic Man* (1959) and *Invisible Invaders* (1959).

One of the stranger films he appeared in during the late '50s was *Queen Mary's Choice*, *The Story of Mandolin* (1957) in which screenwriters Allan and Charles Bennett attempted to portray the history of the world in 100 minutes with the help of one of the most remarkably eccentric casts ever assembled: Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr, The Marx Brothers, Virginia Mayo, Agnes Moorhead, Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Cesar Romero, Dana Rogers, Edward Everett Horton and many others.

In spite of his grueling workload, on August 9th 1960 John Carradine fled for bankruptcy with assets of \$250 and liabilities of \$23,001.

Carradine's first film of the '60s was the incredibly loving *Inevitable Paradox* (1960) in which he discovered a lost world beneath the ocean bed. He followed this with another villainous role in the British-made *Tarzan the Magnificent* (1960), which starred Gordon Scott as the Jungle Lord, and a cameo appearance in *Six Kittens Go to College* (1960, TV role). *The Beauty and The Beast* (1960, TV role). Through the early '60s his film work varied from filming added scenes for *Invasion of the Arctic People* (1962, made in Sweden in 1958 as *Warrior in the Midnight Sun*) and *Curse of the Stone Hand* (1964, originally a 1948 Chilean film and a 1959 Mexican movie), to cameo performances in John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Bells* (1962) and *Chaplin's A Star Is Born* (1964).

He continued to appear in low-budget horror films for the remainder of the decade. Co-starring with Lon Chaney Jr. whose own career was on the slide) in *House of the Black Death* (1965, released direct to American television), *Night of the Beast* (1966, but not seen theatrically until 1975 as *Blood of the Man Beast*), *Melting in a Haunted House* (1967, known alternatively as *Gallery of Horrors*, also featuring Basil Rathbone) and *Dr. Terror's Gallery of Horrors* (1967, *The Blood Suckers* and *Return from the Past*). Carradine also played the last surviving Martian in *The Wizard of Mars* (1966), made a guest appearance as Terry-Thomas' misanthropic butler in *Marlene Go Home!* (1966), the feature version of the popular television series and recreated his role as the undead Count in the "legendary" *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula* (1966). The latter was a far cry from his dignified performance of the mid-40s and this low-budget horror-western had Dracula creeping around in broad daylight.

Around this time the actor told an interviewer that he was so far behind on the bills, the electric company was threatening to turn out the lights.

In 1968 he appeared in three Mexican features, unreleased in America: *The Death Women*, in which he played a mad scientist, *Diabolical Past* (another variation on Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr.*

Patient unto death (and beyond), Carradine made as *The Sorcerer*

If you think 'Vampire Hookers' is as obscure Carradine picture, what about his release as Cemetery Girls? Now available from Advent Video

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde) also known as Part with the Devil and Autopsy of a Ghost (also featuring Parthenon and Carradine himself). That year he starred (yet) again as a mad scientist in the *Ante-Sex* series and turned up as an old mad mystic in *The Helicopter Spies*, a feature which combined two 1967 episodes of *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* TV series (*The Prince of Darkness Affair*).

His films in 1968 were, if anything, worse! Carradine appeared as George the butler to Alex D'Amico a Count in the cheap *Blood of Dracula's Castle*, and he made a guest appearance, along with Vincent Price, in the Elvis Presley musical *The Ghostbusters* (GB: *The Trouble With Girls*). He finished the year by playing the King of the Undead in another Mexican thriller *The Vampires*.

With the advent of the 1970s, John Carradine was making as many films as he had been during his heyday in the '40s. During the first half of the decade he appeared in several westerns, a couple of comedies and a whole string of horror/suspense films: *Myra Breckinridge* (1970), *Harbor of the Blood Mountain* (1970), Carradine's name was added to a Philippine film, also known variously as *Vampires Rise of the Lost Planet*, *Creatures of the Red Planet*, *The Flash Creatures*, or even *Flash Creatures of the Red Planet* (1971) a cartoon character's voice in *Robozone Alley* (1971) filmed in 1969 as *Archy and Mehitabel*, *Blood of Ghastly Horror* (1972), Carradine's name was added to a 1966 film, *Psycho A Go-Go!* which was released the following year as *The Reed with the Electronic Brain*, a plays on American TV as *Man with the Synthetic Brain*, *Mesochill* (1972), with Victor Buono, *Woody Allen's Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex ... But Were Afraid to Ask* (1972), *Silent Night, Bloody Night* (1972) filmed as *Zero* and also known as *Night of the Dark Full Moon and Deathhouse*, part of the animated short, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (1972), *Legacy of Blood* (1972), *House of Dracula's Daughter* (1972), with Peter Lorne, Jr. David Carradine and Broderick Crawford *The House of the Seven Gables* (1973) *Man* (1973), with Keith Carradine), *1,000,000 A.D.* (1973) *Blood of the Iron Madies* (1973), and *George Kennedy's* unassuming horror/horror/drama, *Terror in the Wax Museum* (1973). In this Carradine is dispatched early as the murder victim and suspects include such movie veterans as Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford, Elsa Lanchester, Maurice Evans, Louise Hayward and Patrice Knowledge.

Carradine and Sam Pickens fought over further developments in *The Howling*.

Often the only cheap movie watching in a real barney is a Carradine cameo. *Blood of Ghastly Horror* (1972) *Crash* (1973)



**HUMAN ZOMBIES
RISE FROM THEIR
COFFINS AS
LIVING CORPSES**

**BLOOD of
GHASTLY HORROR**

STARRING: JOHN CARRADINE KENT TAYLOR TOMMY KIRK
and REGINA CARROL IN EASTMAN COLOR

Produced and Directed by ADAMSON

CHINA-GRAMA

Released by
INTERNATIONAL
Picture Corp.

GP



**AN OCCULT OBJECT
TAKES POSSESSION OF A
REVEREND CHURCH LEADER
AND SPITS FULMINANT
AT THE ANTI-CHURCH
CATHARSIS, BRINGING DOWN
A BLAZE OF
TWO-THREE
MILES**

CRASH!

CASTING BY
JOSE PENNER - SAM LYON - JOHN SHADON
LESLIE PERKINS - JOHN CARRADINE

PG



Carandine had also been appearing regularly in guest spots on various TV shows. Besides roles in *Ukiah Girl*, *Suspense*, *Thriller*, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.*, and *The Green Hornet*, he played a religious fanatic who had imprisoned the Devil in *The Twilight Zone* (*The Howling Man*), an alien tight-liner in *Lost in Space* (*The Galaxy Duty Cigar*), a kindly giant who was once a famous star of horror films in *Land of the Giants* (*Comstock*), an old man involved in a murder investigation in *A Man Called Sordani* (*Gianni Gatti*), the caretaker of a vampire (*George Langford*) in *B.J. and the Bear* (*Al Culin*), *Al Culin*, a vampire in *McCloud* (*McCloud*), *Mean Streets* and *Richard Matheson's* *The Big Badass* segment of *Night Gallery*, and the blind preacher Sammie Johnson opposite his son David in *Kung Fu* (*Black Angel*), with Robert Carandine, *The Nature of Evil*, and *The Last Place*. He also portrayed Mr. Garmont, the owner of the restaurant where *Herman Munster* (*Paul Douglas*) worked in *The Munsters* (*Munster's House*, *McCloud*). In fact, Carandine was originally offered the role of Herman, but turned it down because of film commitments.

As his feature film roles were degenerating, his appearances in motion-TV-movies were of a higher caliber. These included *Daughter of the Mind* (1980) starring Ray Milland and Gene Tierney, *Crowfoot Farm* (1980) in which he played a renegade warlock menacing Hope Lange, Robert Ripstein's homage to the Val Lewton thrillers of the '40s *The Cat Creature* (1973), directed by Charles Hurlington and also featuring Gale Sondergaard, Stuart Whitman, Kam Smith and Peter Lorne Jr., Richard Matheson's second *Alchemist* pilot, *The Night Strangler* (1973), *Steasaway to the Moon* (1975), and the old-fashioned *Death at Love House* (1976) with Sylvia Sidney, Joan Blondell and Dorothy Lamour.

Following another Mexican vampire tale, *Mary, Mary, Moody Mary* (1974), Carandine guest-starred with Peter Cushing in *Black Mirror* (1975), filmed as *Death Corps* and released in Britain in 1979 as *Almost Human*, about a criminal from combat rising from a vestary grave. While filming the movie in Florida, he was asked if he enjoyed making horror films: "I like to work," Carandine replied, and he went on to describe his recent films as "... all pieces of crap. Of all the films I've done, only about twenty-nine have been horror films."

Yet the next year he was back again, this time as the blind priest guarding the Gates of Hell in Michael Winner's critically acclaimed *The Sentinel* (1978), based on a novel by Jeffrey Carver (who co-wrote an earlier Carandine film, *Blind Night*, *Moody Mary*).

He had a cameo role in *The White Buffalo* (1977), which starred Charles Bronson, and co-starred alongside old-timers John Ireland and Yvonne DeCarlo in the horror-comedy *Eastern Classics* (1977). Carandine's voice was heard as the Tramp in the allegorical cartoon *The Mouse and His Child* (1978/

77, shown in Britain as *The Extraordinary Adventures of the Mouse and His Child*) and narrating the documentary *Journey Into the Unknown* (1977). That same year he co-starred with Jose Ferrer and Bob Lyon in *Cruel*, an odd mixture of car chase and occult revenge.

In 1978 Carandine turned up as a white-clad vampire sending girls out to lure men to their deaths in the spily-titled Philippine comedy *Vampire Hunters*, and he reappeared in yet another comedy, *Nocturne*, playing an aging Dracula who has to resort to a false set of fangs. The film also featured Yvonne DeCarlo, as belty dancer Hal Sorston (who also produced) and plenty of disco music.

1979 found Carandine guest-starring in *Blacks &* (released in America as *Tel Aviv Incident*) *Blackout* (filmed as *Monsters: The Legend That Became a Terror*, but not distributed for a couple of years), and he played a scientist in the Mexican thriller, *The Beast*. Along with John Savin and Angel Tominas he was battling a swarm of killer bees exploited for their honey.

He began his fifth year in motion pictures with *The Beguine Man* (entitled *The Beguine Man* in Britain so as not to be confused with a disco musical). An interesting supernatural thriller too amongst the numerous *Halloween* type rip-offs of the early '80s, it marked German-born director Ulli Lommel's American debut and ran into a number of production problems, not least a freak snowstorm and the mysterious disappearance of the soundtrack. Next, the actor traveled to Britain to portray horror writer R. Charnwood-Hayes opposite Vincent Price's "famed" vampire, Erasmus in *The Monster Club* (1980) producer Milton Subotsky's enjoyable blend of horror, comedy and rock music. Then it was back to America to appear in a cameo role as a werewolf named Earl Kanton (after the director of his two *Chausu* films of the mid-40s) in the horror film buff's dream, *The Howling*.

Director Joe Dante recounted one experience working with the actor: "He's very crippled artistically, but when it comes to doing a take, he straightens up, he's a different person at camera. John is getting on in years. I thought it might be his first day to rehearse a group scene without him, and get it all blocked out and bring him on later, so he wouldn't have to sit around. I wanted to rehearse the scene, and the assistant director came to me and said, 'John Carandine is in his motor home, and wants to know why you don't want him on the set.' And I said, 'Hoyemidigadela, hama hama um.' So he came out and did the rehearsal, which is what should have happened in the first place. He was wonderful and very funny."

On January 4th, 1981, Carandine returned to the stage of the Palace Theatre, New York. The production was a spectacular two-million-dollar version of *Frankenstein*, but because of the hostile reception from the critics the play closed the same night. It was probably one of the most expensive flops in Broadway history. However, Carandine's performance as DeLacy, the blind harem-

who befriends the monster, received excellent notices.

His feature film assignments that year included *The Meeting*, longingly announced as *Pueblo*, but changed because of another movie of the same title; another demonic possession thriller, *Dark Eyes* (made as *Frontier* and finally released as *Satan's Mistress* in America and *Nightmares of Terror* in Britain), and he traveled to New Zealand to play the killer of Sam Milroy's critically condemned *The Scarecrow*. Towards the end of 1980 he co-starred with Christopher Lee, Eddie Albert and Robert Forster in the two-part TV fantasy adventure *Goleth Ayrath*. Carandine had fun with the part of Ronald Bantling, an aging star of Hollywood movie-theaters, trapped for more than forty years in a sudden ocean loop.

John Carandine is now seventy-seven years old. In a career that has spanned decades he has appeared in more than two hundred films (although the actor himself puts the number at nearly 500) and made countless stage and television appearances. He has married three times and four of his sons — David, Bruce, Keith and Robert — have successfully followed him into the acting profession.

Today he still farms in sheep-herding and his hands are twisted if with arthritis, yet his booming distinctive voice remains unbounded by time. Last year he was busier than ever. He co-starred with Cameron Mitchell, Andrew Duggan, Steve Brooks and Patrick O'Neil in *Frankenstein Island*, directed by Jerry Warren (who used to make Mexican horror films for the American market), the dire horror-comedy involved a group of ballplayers who crash on an island inhabited by Baron Frankenstein's great, great granddaughter and a race of blind-died girls. Carandine was much better served by his voice-over for the avil-loding owl in Don Bluth's superb animated fantasy, *The Secret of Nix*. In the summer Carandine once again returned to Britain this time to co-star alongside his old friends Vincent Price, Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing in Carandine's *The House of the Long Shadows*. It was the first time these four Masters of Menace had all appeared together in the same film, and the cast also included David Ames Jr., Sheila Keith, Jules Pearson and Richard Todd. Directed by low-budget filmmaker Pete Walker and scripted by Michael Armstrong, this mystery thriller was "suggested by Earl Joe Regan's novel *Seven Keys to Baldpate*" (suggested filmed seven times before).

He continues to view his film work with a very cynicism: "When I first started in movies I did bit parts for fifty bucks a day. I still do bit parts, but now they call them cameos, or guest appearances, and they give me a thousand bucks a day."

Whether he likes it or not, the man who has so often said, "I'm not really a horror actor," has become synonymous with the genre he despises — Karloff, Lugosi, Chanay Jr., Lorne and Rathbone.

Without doubt, John Carandine is the best original horror star in

Welcome to

The MONSTER CLUB

Concluding our adaptation of the ITC movie



Edited & adapted by DEE SKINN

Illustrations by GUY WILSON & COLTON



ONCE MORE RONALD TURNED TO THE CHART
OUT OF PUREST DESPAIRATION.



RAM, AN AMERICAN FILM DIRECTOR
WAS SEARCHING FOR A GOOD LOCATION
FOR A NEW HORROR MOVIE...

LOUGHBVILLE

"THERE'S NO
NO MENTION OF
LOUGHBVILLE ON
MY MAP, YET THERE'S
A ROAD SIGN FOR
IT."

AFTER SEVERAL OF DRIVING THROUGH
THE HEAVY FOREST, RAM FOUND
LUGHBVILLE IN THE VILLAGE ITSELF...

EAGER TO MAKE CONTACT WITH
THE VILLAGERS, INHABITANTS RAM
WENT THROUGH TO THE INN...

"MAYBE YOU CAN
HELP ME. I WANT
TO MAKE A FILM
IN THIS VILLAGE."

"WASE PERMISSION
DO I WANT WHO
ELSE THUNDER?"



"DON'T THINK
THE FLOODS
THEY ARE HERE
SOON"

"I'LL TALK TO MY ART DIRECTOR
WHEN I GET BACK TO LONDON
TOMORROW WE'LL MAKE THE
ARRANGEMENTS"

"YOU NOT
GOT THUNDER
TODAY?
TOO FAR,
NOT SAFE
NO AT NIGHT
YOU"



"STAY
HERE!"

"STAY!"

"... HERE!"

FEAR SUDDENLY GRIPPED SAM AND HE FORCED HIS WAY OUT OF THE HALL ONLY TO FIND - HIS CAR BURNING AND TOTALLY DESTROYED!



IS IT BURNING?

OF COURSE IT'S BURNING! WELL, BURNING! WHO DID IT? AND WHERE'S THE NEAREST GASOLINE AND PHONE?

VERMIN COME IT REAL MONSTERS THEY BE

CAR-AGE NO CAR-AGE NO - PHONE



BE SHOUT AT THE STAY- HERE

STAY HERE



LUNA LOOK DEAR-ENT-REW FOR YOU CAR-AGE SAY YOU SAY

LUNA? LOOK, LUNA - I'VE A PRACTICAL JOKE PRESERVED UP BY MY FRIENDS AT THE STUDIO? WHY EVEN THE NAME "LOONVILLE" IS AN ANAGRAM OF GRUEL VILLE - THE PLACE OF GHOULS!



DO ALL PEOPLE ON OUTSIDE WEAR CLOTHES LIKE THIS? WE ONLY HAVE CLOTHES FROM BOXES. NO CLOTHES LIKE YOURS.

OUTSIDE? DOESN'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BECOME PLUGGED WITH HUSBANDS AND FRIENDS? WHERE?



BOXES IN GROUND CLOTHES, HUSBAND, FRIENDS... ALL FROM BOXES. NO MORE BOXES NOW ALL GONE

I NOT LIKE OTHERS... I HUSBAND MOTHER WAS SOMETHING WHEN I GROWN, SHE GOT INTO BOX, THEN CLIMB FOR GREAT RATHERS... ALL HAPPY



SOMEONE MUST COME THROUGH HERE, LUNA. PEOPLE, CARRIES.

LONG AGO, BLOODS SET UP THIS MORTUARY AND YOU WERE CAUGHT IN IT. NO ONE LEAVE HERE EXCEPT BLOODS. THEY COME BACK WITH MORE BLOODS. IN ONE MORTUARY CASE.



LUNA, LISTEN. IF YOU DO NOT LIKE THEM, HELP ME OUT OF HERE!

WOMEN THERE IN CHURCH THEY FALL DOWN. IF GO IN THERE, I HUNDRED CAN GO IN. COME HELP YOU WHEN OTHERS NOT WATCH.

SO SAM ONCE MORE BURIED OUT OF THE INN AND ONCE MORE FOUND HIS WAY BARRED.



BUT THIS TIME HE WOULD NOT BE STOPPED SO EASILY!



WITHIN MINUTES SAM HAD FOUND HIS SANCTUARY.

ONCE HE WAS COFROWN THE CREATURES WOULD NOT ENTER. SAM BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE OLD BUILDING.



AND IN THE VESTRY SAM COULD NOT SHAKE THE FEELING HE WASN'T ALONE.

AT FIRST SIGHT THE BASKETON SUGGESTED HIM. THEN SAM SAW THE BLOOD IT GUARDED.



A DUSTY AND THIS POOR SOUL MUST HAVE BEEN THE PARSON.

IT WAS THEN THE WHOLE STORY UNFOLDED...

SAW DEAD MEN THE VIL-
LAGE HAD BEEN A SMALL
PLACE WITH ONLY FIFTY
FIVE RESIDENTS. THE
PEASANT HAD KILLED A BE-
LIEVING CREATURE THE
VILLAGERS SAID IT WAS
EVIL AND SHOULD BE
KILLED.



OUT THE PEASANT TOOK
IT INTO HIS HOME
AND TRIED TO HELP IT...

THEY COULD NOT THE PEASANT
SAW THE THING IN THE CHURCH-
YARD, PERCHING



BUT FOR THE ONE CHILDREN
AWAY, THEY WERE DID RETURN
THEY DANCED AROUND THE
VILLAGER MARRIED A WOMAN
AND A BLACK ICE THAT
COULD NOT BE CHASED.



I AM EVIL, FOR I HAVE
NOT EATEN FOR MANY
DAYS.

THESE WORDS, LUM LOUDED
AND I HEARD THE MAN
LIGHTEN YOUR OWN
SHADOWS TO LOSE
THE VILLAGER OF
THE VILLAGER OF
THE VILLAGER OF

A GOLDEN NOTRE DAME
SAID TO THE VILLAGER...



VILLAGERS CHASE
ME I MUST GO BACK
ON-ON BUILT AND
FOR HELP YOU
YOU HAVE LUM
WITH YOU?



YES, LUM,
I'LL TAKE YOU
WITH ME

MUST BECAUSE NOW
BLOODS COME TO-
NIGHT



YES, COME,
IT PROTECTS

AND SO



KEEP
CLOSE AND
DON'T FALL
BEHIND

THE TWO RUN UNTIL THEY REACH
THE ROAD.



"THIS WAY!
ROAD ONLY
LEADS BACK TO
VILLAGE! REAL ROAD
HIDES! BURNER
NOT REAL."

"SO THAT'S
HOW THEY
DID IT?"

DISCOVERING THE BURNER TO BE AN ILLUSION, THE TWO
CROSSED THEM TO THE REAL ROAD. BUT THEN THE
VILLAGERS APPEARED, THOUGH THEY COULD NOT CROSS
THE BARRIER THEIR SMART STRATEGIES COULD.



"LUNA!"

"LUNA!"

GAM GENTLY PULLED LUNA
OUT OF RANGE OF THE
RAGING STRONG.



"NO USE JUST
SAID BURNER LIES
WHEN ON-CA. IT
WASNT. LEAVE ME
ANYWAY THAT MAY
I HAVE BE
ANYTHING BUT
ANIMAL TO YOU."

"NO! I
NEED
YOUR
HELP
TO
GET
OUT
OF
HERE!"

WITH A HAPPY SMILE,
LUNA REPLIED GENTLY
... AND DIED.



BUT LUNA RAN WITH GENTLE
AND DISAPPEARING HIS HANDS
TO REACH SOMETHING BEHIND
HE REACHED THE THE HARBOR.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THANK HEAVEN! I
NEED YOUR HELP
THAT'S A VILLAGE
BACK THERE - A
VILLAGE OF...



"ANYWAY TAKE ME
TO THE HARBOR
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE."

AND SOON THE POLICE CAR
WAS SPEEDING TOWARDS...



LOUNGEVILLE
TWO IS THE
WINDY ROAD!
AND THERE'S
LUNA'S BODY!

"DON'T WORRY,
GAM. WE CAN'T
SUPPLY RABBIT
WILL TAKE CARE
OF IT."



"YOU SEE... WE ALWAYS
GIVE THE BURNER A
POLICE SECRET WHEN
TURN RETURN TO
LOUNGEVILLE!"



"MY MOTHER -- MAY THE EARTH
LIE LIGHTLY ON HER BONES --
WAS ALWAYS CRITERIONED I
SHOULD LOOK MY BEST."

"NOW EMERGENCY
WANT I TOLD YOU --
NEVER RETURNED
TO STAMBOUL."

"BUT STAMBOUL
WEREN'T THE ONLY
PROBLEM."

"HELLO
GIRL?"

"WELL?"

"HART'S
POLE?"

"AN
OFTEN?"

"SCHOOL, HART'S
THE LAST OF
PLACES."



"BUT EACH EVENING WITH
OTHER GIRLS SO SHORT..."

"NOW, MARRIED, YOU
MUST HURRY OR YOU'LL
MISS YOUR TRAIN."

"DADDY -- I WISH
YOU COULD PLAY
WITH ME AGAIN --
THE WAY -- ARE
YOU A WRITER?"

"NO, MY SON --
LIGHTLY THE BURDEN
OF THOSE WHO LIVE
TOO MUCH -- AND --
RECEIVE NO REWARD
IN DEATH..."

"UP AND
A BUCK AND
THEY DON'T
FEEL A
THING."

"FEED WITHOUT
GROSS, THERE'S AL-
WAYS BEEN A LOT OF
THE BUCKS, BUT THE
AND AFTER THEATER
GROSSING PROVIDES
A GOOD HARVEST."

"BUT I MUST
STAY IN THE
LOOK-OUT FOR
THE BUCKS -- THE
B-ROUND, CON-
SIDER OF THE
CARRYING OF YOUR
CASES!"







AND IN THE
CORRIDOR

LINTON'S
CLOSET



THE SHOCK MADE LINTON
WANT TO RUN - AND TELL HE
DIDN'T WANT OUT OF THE
HOUSE...



AND BURST INTO THE
HANDS OF THE LAW -
"THE SLEAZY!"

TAKE US
TO YOUR
FATHER'S
BOY?

AND ARE
YOU WHAT
YOU SAY
YOU ARE?

WERE THE
B-S-E-S-E-Y-MO-VEY
THE SLEAZY - THE
SPECIAL SEARCH
CONSIDERED WITH
BLOOD CERVAS

WE ARE SEARCHING
THE CLERKS OF
THE HOUSE FROM
THE LEAD?

LIKE A SEARCHED PROVERBIAL
PICKED THE CLERKS OF
HIS BOUTIQUE, PRESIDENT OF
LINTON'S SEARCHES AND SEARCHES



WOULD EITHER
WANT BEEN THE
MAYOR DEPARTMENT
FOR ANY
CARRIAGE - THE WENT
HIM FOR MONTHS. HE
WAS CLEVER - VERY
CLEVER - BUT NOW
I'VE GOT HIM!

NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
GO DOWN THERE!
YOU CAN'T!!



NO!!

WHOOOMP!

SEARCH!



DONALD PLEASENCE A VERY 'ODO' ACTOR

Feature by
Stephen Jones

When being the screen's Masters of Mayhem, one actor inevitably overlooked is Donald Pleasence. Yet in a career that has spanned almost thirty years and more than sixty movies, nearly half of his films have been in the horror/fantasy genre. Usually characterised as effusive or eccentric roles, the secret of Pleasence's success lies in his diversity: he has never become associated with any one particular type of film-making. Audiences instantly recognise his bold pace and narrow, stinging eyes and it is this master image and reputation that has made Donald Pleasence a natural star of horror films on both sides of the Atlantic.

Pleasence was born on October 18, 1919 and grew up in Scotsfield, Yorkshire. His first stage appearance was in 1939 and just three years later he was performing *Twelfth Night* in London. Like many other actors, Pleasence's career was interrupted by World War II. He returned to the stage in 1946 and over the next five years he refined his craft in repertory groups throughout Britain, eventually playing the Dagfield Theatre in New York in 1951 as part of Laurence Olivier's company.

His first major television success was as Sykes, in Nigel Kneale's adaptation of George Orwell's classic *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, but the acting honours went to another up-and-coming actor named Peter Cushing. A grim look at a future Britain under a totalitarian government, it was broadcast live by the BBC in 1954 and caused something of an outcry at the time. That same year Donald Pleasence made his film debut in Somerset Maugham's *The Beachcomber*. A couple of equally unmemorable features followed until, in 1958, Pleasence (the only actor from the original television cast) appeared in the film version of 1954. That time he played a different character, Parsons, but unfortunately the producers assigned an interfering wife (Orwell's nightmare vision) and the result diluted the impact of the book.

Over the next couple of years Pleasence regularly appeared on the stage while the number and size of his film roles grew. By 1968 he was co-starring with Dirk Bogarde and Christopher Lee in *A Tale of Two Cities*, appeared alongside Richard Burton in John Gielgud's final setting *Look Back in Anger*, and was just one of the numerous stars in the award-winning spectacle *San Hui*. That same year Pleasence was named actor of the Year for his stage work. He also made his first horror film, co-starring with Peter Cushing in *The Flesh and the Fools* (1966, USA: *Mens of The Pandit Ghauts*). Cushing portrayed the infamous Edinburgh doctor, Robert Knox, who buys fresh cadavers from grave robbers Burke (George Rose) and Hare (a marvellous-looking Pleasence).

Amos Delling starred as a mad plastic surgeon in *Circle of Horrors* (1966) but Pleasence appeared briefly before being killed off. The actor fared much better that year with his critically acclaimed London stage performance as Desires, the tramp in Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker*, going on to recreate the role the following year in

New York and in the 1982 film version.

Donald Pleasence had already begun to capitalise on his mysterious roles when he turned up as a mysterious hot ferning in the horror/wednesday *What a Carve Up* (1961, USA: *No Place Like Home*). That old dark house thriller featured Carry On regulars Sidney James and Kenneth Connor, directed by Dennis Price and Michael Gough. The following year Pleasence gave a strong performance as the cold-blooded murderer in *Dr. Crippen*, and by the mid-1960s he was regularly featured in American-made films like *The Street People* (1963), *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (1964) and 20th Century-Fox's big-budget science fiction adventure *Fantastic Voyage* (1966).

In the latter Pleasence played the sinister Dr. Michaels, one of five passengers in a miniaturised submarine journeying through an injured scientist's body. Pleasence's literary villain gets his just deserts when he is absorbed by a giant white blood corpuscle, but the film is best remembered for its impressive special effects and Rachel Welch's electrifying vocal.

In contrast, Pleasence's next role was in Roman Polanski's offbeat *Cul-De-Sac* (1966) when two gangsters (Lionel Stander and Jack MacGowran) arrive on a lonely island, they discover only two other inhabitants - George, an eccentric middle-aged man (Pleasence) and his young wife (Francesca Dorland). "What I felt all along about George, and what I tried to bring out in performance, was that he had a sort of abnormal normality," said Pleasence - a description that could easily be applied to his other fantasy film roles. However, *Cul-De-Sac* was not a great commercial success and neither was his next movie, *The Night of the Generals* (1966). This co-starred Pleasence with Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif and Tom Courtenay in an epic whodunnit about the hunt for a Jack the Ripper-type killer set against the rise and fall of Nazi Germany.

For his next fantasy project Donald Pleasence travelled to Italy. *Macbeth* (1966) was an unimpressive scary thriller in which invincible secret agent Patrick O'Neal tracks down a missing Mastermind while pursued by the nefarious Henry Silva. The fifth James Bond film, *You Only Live Twice* (1967), was of a higher calibre, unfortunately after a clever building in the previous adventures, Pleasence was not nearly as good when finally revealed as the costumed Boffin, head of the international crime syndicate SPECTRE. "I think I made a worthy opponent for 007," Pleasence said at the time. "In fact, the character is kind of a highlight in a number of lovely characterizations."

You Only Live Twice cost millions, but the atmospheric *Eye of the Devil* (1967, USA: 12) was made for a great deal less. This understated fantasy starred David Arlen as an antiseptic French vineyard owner who must be rhetorically sacrificed when the vines unconsciously feel. Pleasence played a menacing priest, allied with the secret cult.

In 1970 young film maker George Lucas made his 15-minute student film into a

*A triple threat of acting, actor and author makes Steve James one of the most visible people in the British fantasy world. Together with Dave Sutton he edited the award-winning *Argentoheads*, and the multiple award-winning *Runaway Tales*, a tribute to the pulp of Weird Tales. He also writes, with Ian Fletcher, the British Fantasy Society Newsletter in a style reminiscent of his late lamented *Fantasy Magazine*. He writes extensively on fantasy (and more recently for *Fantasy Magazine*) and does a review for a whole range of magazines in the UK, US and Canada.*

feature-length movie. The result, *THE 1135*, remained unreleased in Britain for three years. Robert Corvel played *THE* who with a rather small *SEN* (Piscesse, in a role that closely mirrored his performance in 1984), attempted to escape the uniformity of a mine, subterranean future world.

In *Death Line* (1992, aptly retitled *Pain Meet in the USA*) Piscesse went well over the top in an unlikely police inspector investigating a series of gruesome killings by cannibals living in the tunnels of the London Underground. Christopher Lee was also featured in a very brief cameo. Another canorous performance by Piscesse turned up that same year in *The Bad Piper*, director Jacques Demy's dark version of the French legend. He played the greedy baron in this marvellous looking film, which was only spoiled by weak acting from singer/producer Dorelles as the Piper and Jack Wild as the crippled boy.

In 1993 Donald Piscesse was again co-billed with Peter Cushing, this time in *Amicus'* last horror compilation, *From Beyond the Grave*. Based on a handful of tales by B. Chetwynd Hayes, *An Act of Kindness* was a nasty childhood fable helped by the inspired blurring of Donald and Angela Piscesse as a sinister witch-seller and his strange daughter.

In the mutual version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Kris Douglas sang and danced his way through the title roles while Piscesse played his servant. Filmed in Britain in 1993, it was shown on NBC-TV in America. Then it was back to episodic horrors with *Tales That Witness Madness* (1993). In this imitation of the successful *Amicus* format, Piscesse starred in the linking story as Dr. Tansyane, whose patients are suffering from weird obsessions as with the supernatural. The film boasted a strong cast that included Kim Mowbray, Joan Collins and Jack Hawkins.

Piscesse was again cast as a doctor – the mad German variety this time – in *The Mutations* (1993). Along with deformed helper Tom Baker and the diminutive Michael Dunn, he attempts to create a new race of genetic mutations by crossing Julie Ege with a plant! Even more nonsensical was Barry McKenzie Holds His Own (1994). In this second comedy based on the adventures of the Australian comic strip character, Piscesse played English-Court Peasie, the vampire President of Transylvania. Also involved in this madcap blend of sex, horror and bad taste was Barry Humphries as the evil Edna Everage.

In Denny's entertaining science-fiction adventure, *Escape to Witch Mountain*

As we slide towards 1994, here's a poorly remembered Piscesse and Cushing in the BBC TV version.

*Playing yet another Doctor, Piscesse dishes out a drastic cure (in a dream sequence) in the 1989 *Alone in the Dark*.*

*Another mad scientist role as he adjusts his equipment to turn another innocent into one of *The Mutations*, like Tom Baker (at rear).*





Black with blood,
the candles burn.
Terror strikes!
There's no return...



You will never come
**OUT OF
THE DARKNESS**
alive!

'OUT OF THE DARKNESS'

DONALD PLEASANCE - NANCY KYVIN - ROSS HAGEN

(1975). Pleasence was the handyman to the villainous Annette Bole (Ray Milland), who discovers that two youngsters (Jim Richards and Jo Jo Greenman) are gifted with paranormal powers. Then it was back to playing a doctor again when Pleasence just starred in *I Don't Want to Be Born* (1978). As Dr. Fiebig, his task is to discover why a newly-born baby has a mysterious hatred for people, particularly its parents (Joan Collins and Ralph Bates).

In 1938, Donald Pleasence and Peter Cushing were reunited in *The Devil's Men USA: Land of the Minotaur*. Made in Greece, Pleasence played Father Pacha, who attempts to solve a series of ritual murders, connected with an ancient witchcraft cult — led by Cushing — that worships the legendary Minotaur. Pleasence was also co-billed with Cushing and Ray Milland in the Canadian/British production *The Uncanny* (1977).

Another compilation, the actor played film star Valentine Daria, whose tongue is torn out by his dead wife's cat. Pleasence's next two fantasy film roles were not nearly so substantial, although he received fourth billing in *Oh, God!* (1977), the actor appeared only for a couple of minutes — once again as a doctor. His role as the grasping Dr. D. Brodhurst in Robert Shlywood's musical mess, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1978), was also brief — perhaps fortunately. An unusual collection of stars, including the Bee Gees, Frankie Howard, Steve Martin and George Burns, made an embarrassing attempt to incorporate the songs of Lennon and McCartney into the Middle Ages.

The same year Pleasence starred in a horror film made for a fraction of the money wasted on *Sgt. Pepper's*. John Carpenter's unrelenting *Halloween* is one of the most successful independent films ever made, and it influenced a whole industry of imitations. Carpenter's deceptively simple plot and stylish direction kept audiences on the edge of their seats. He even managed to control Pleasence's temptation to overact as Dr. Sam Loomis, the man responsible for letting a psychotic killer escape, and convinced his patient is the Bogey Man himself. It was one of the actor's better screen performances — even though he later expressed doubts over his young director's talent.

Then he was back playing supporting roles, this time as a tyrannical prop master Dr. Beldine in the unimpressive remake of *Dracula* (1979). This year also added nothing new to the story, but at least Pleasence fared better than Frank Langella's inept Grant and Laurence Olivier's unmitigated Wen. Helping Pleasence next was best to make *Right Creature* (also known as *Out of the Darkness*) made on a low budget with exotic Thailand locations, the actor was given every opportunity to lean it up as a madman hunting down a wren-

As Underused as From Beyond the Grave, Pleasence gives a textbook example of the slave but another look.

Still unseen in the UK, here is the original ad for The Right Creature

leopard on his island nest. *Gold of the Amazon Women* (1976) was little improvement. Originally made for BBC-TV, this 1970s jungle adventure has Pleasence as Clarence Banks, a gold-hungry drug dealer out to exploit the treasure of a lost race of Amazons led by Soother Anta (Elisavinda).

The actor was better served by his cameo role in *The Monster Club* (1980), another compilation of B. Channing 'Hayes' stories. He played Pickering, the bowler-hatted head of Scotland Yard's S-Squad (The B-Squad), dedicated to the eradication of vampires. Along with co-stars Vincent Price and John Carradine, Pleasence brought a touch of class to this enjoyable blend of rock music and horror.

He next repeated his role as Dr. Loomis in *Halloween II* (1981), the inferior sequel to John Carpenter's 1978 success. Co-scripted by Carpenter, it continued directly on from where the earlier film had ended. Regrettably, first-time director Rob Marshall turned in a predictable milk & slash thriller, and even though Carpenter subsequently added a number of new scenes to the movie, Pleasence's character was wisely killed off in the climax. But he was back working with Carpenter again that same year. In the gripping *Escape From New York*, he played the President of the United States, held prisoner in the New York City of 1997 — now a sweltering prison housing over three million convicted criminals.

Pleasence's most recent honor film on release was, sadly, not of the same calibre. Again cast as a somewhat mad director of a mental hospital in *Alone in the Dark* (1982), he played Dr. Leo Balle who believes all his patients are 'voyagers'. Unfortunately a city-wide blackout enables a group of his most dangerous inmates to escape and he is powerless to halt the psychopathic reign of terror. Pleasence overacts shamelessly, playing the poor material for the laughs it so richly deserves. Also just completed are two Mexican horror films — *To Kill A Stranger* and *Fredenstein's Great Aunt Tilly*.

It should be emphasised that Donald Pleasence's horror/fantasy film are undeniably not among his best work, and he is still more highly regarded as a stage actor. But these roles have at least allowed him to attempt some interesting performances over the years — in fact, in the early 1980s he appeared in a series of television commercials in Britain for a lager that solely capitalised on his 'old' image, putting him in the company of Egyptian mummies, home-made robots, werewolves and the like, but the numerous television drama credits have ranged from such game series as *The Outer Limits* through to his widely-esteemed performance in last year's BBC serial *The Barchester Chronicles*.

As a character actor his services are constantly in demand, and although never truly recognised as one of the screen's foremost exponents of terror, you can guarantee that whenever his future film roles may be, Donald Pleasence will bring to them that quality of 'oddness' that has become his trademark over the last three decades. ■

Available at last...



In answer to your demands, Quality Communications is proud to present its custom-made volume binders.

There's no further need for your copies of *Warrior* and *Halls of Honor* to be damaged, lost or permanently borrowed, when they can be safely kept in ideal condition in presentation volume binders.

Not only are the binders beautiful (shiny covers, in deep textured blue with gold spine lettering), but they are functional too. Each new issue can be easily slipped into the binder, with no need to remove the covers or damage the staples, and the issues can be referred back to at a glance, transforming loose magazines into top-quality hardcover volumes.

All binders are dispatched in purpose-built packages to remove the risk of damage in transit, and can make ideal gifts - for a friend or for yourself!

While ordering, why not take an extra volume for the upcoming issues, and transform your favourite magazine into perfect permanent?

As well as *Warrior* and *Halls of Honor* binders, we also have available a limited number of binders without spine lettering, which are ideal for any other magazine you collect and wish to preserve. Just to be sure the magazine is no more than 175¢ deep.

As a bonus, all volume binders come with sufficient dry transfer gold-coloured lettering to enable you to mark the volume number and the year of your collection price.

All binders are £2.95 each within the British Isles (post included). Overseas: \$13.95 (U.S.) or equivalent. Airmail: add \$4.00.



Make all postal orders/cheques (sorry, no cash) payable to
QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and write to us at
QUALITY MAIL SALE, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14 6PP

BARBARA STEELE

Interview by Tony
Crawley
With an intro and Photography
by Dave Kessler

At the end of the 1950s, the world's reigning horror queen, Barbara Steele, announced her retirement from the screen.

Tranquilly the green-eyed, seven-footed beauty returned to the horror genre in the mid 70s, but before she did she spoke at length to regular *HoH* contributor Tony Crawley.

Today she's still a horror star thanks to her occasional genre roles and the welcome appearance on video of some of her gothic and Italian Classics.

"Well, she speaks with an honesty and frankness that makes the interview an refreshing and interesting as horrorconer the classic 1950s horror actress.

I swear I'm never going to climb out of another coffin as long as I live."

And, said to report, she never did, and she was just through the modern horror swinger again in *Capel Street* (1974) helpless and helpless in a wheelchair, and in *Shivers* (1974), again helpless and nude in a bath tub.

Rather film did much more than feed on the cult that surrounds her, held her, even more in semi-retirement, in a vice like grip. But then Europe alone really knew how to make startling use of her wrong parchment for the dramatic in screen roles.

Never mind Barbara Shelley, even less so Ingrid Pitt or Jamie Lee Curtis - Steele is the premiere actress in the world to have starred, survived and excelled in the main classical domain known as the horror film. For which she is ever loved (even feared) throughout the Continent, worshipped by one French group of Pensive critics, admired by a similar caucus in the United States, while remaining virtually unknown, certainly ignored in her native Britain. Ignored, that is... by all except her cluster of faithful followers.

The name: Barbara Steele. Or to her fans: Barbara Steele.

Also: Miss Dracula. The Queen of Terror. Or, as once described by those French (of course) as the logical daughter of any union between Christopher Lee and Cyd Charisse - I.

Barbara earned these handles - and her endless fame - in a string of (mostly) Italian horror films. *Thou'n'Islander* seems, full of things that were said - or seen - in the right, speed only by her indomitable presence, always less loud than her catchphrase titles. *The Spectre*, *The Long Hair of Death*, *Five Graves for a Medium*, *Revenge of the Blood Beast*.

The roles switched from country to country but Barbara's appeal travelled better. Even a title called simply and succinctly *Orgasms*. That one was finally finished in Britain as *The Fearless Monster*. Hardly a fitting subtitle for Barbara who has a face that is... well, devilishly beautiful. And a profane figure to match.

Alone all else, the eyes most definitely had it. Wide open, terrified as she screamed lightly inside torture cabinets, hypnotic as she lured men further death, inexorable as she devoured whatever lay in her path - plots, castans and less

than meaty scripts. It was left to Barbara to put meat on them.

She was, and remains the perfect *Canova*. The complete feminine opposite of a Cushing or Lee, Price or Karloff, though (never to be found steering in second rate pot-boilers. Lack of money for release cancelled two interesting projects in 1960. She had been cast opposite Lee in *Tulio Tullio's La Dabbolita Lady* and Nicholas Ray (the man behind James Dean's final picture, *Rebel Without a Cause*) had paired her with Laurence Harvey and Geraldine Chaplin for *The Doctor and the Devils*. Bank managers, apparently, weren't convinced of the potential offered there.

But low-budget or not, there's really a mini-classic among her credits. *The Terror of Dr Hulsehead*, for example, or *Mike Resner* creepy send up *Revenge of the Blood Beast*, or even Greenberg's gore *Shivers*. These films dated in the week from the mid-60s days when Hammer's movie colony defied Hammer's stronghold upon the market of mythological menace.

The tragedy is that, somehow, Hammer and Steele never fused. It was a combination devoutly wished for, but she was never invited to join the gang of old terror faithful at Bray or Elstree. This remains Hammer's biggest blight on an otherwise impeccable cinematic history. Indeed, Barbara's first return to London as a star - the first such visit for a horror role - proved to be the last touch of anything akin to Gothicism in her career. *Tigon Film's* *The Gates of Hell* and *The Gates of the City* (1966) opposite Karloff and Price.

At the time, she moaned about the lack of decent and sensual roles for women in any screen genre in Britain, the horror scene included. When she left, Ingrid Pitt moved into Chris Lee's Hammer spot. Miss Pitt offered sex, naked, undressed and understudied. Miss Steele had been offering arduous British productions, as usual, never appreciated the difference.

And so Barbara imposed her polarized networks about settling coffin for a living and just being able to set off coffins, got married and went to reside in the United States, and there shone something unexpected missing on the Gothic front ever since. She'd never intended to be an actress, much less a horror queen but after *Frankenstein* tried to turn her into a starlet and Hollywood's lotus life lost its charm, she landed up in Italy - and everything began to fit into place.

HoH: First question has to be: why name?

Steele: I don't decide it. One doesn't come to absolute decisions like that. I just found I said no thank you to anything anyone asked me to do. There's nothing worse than the fading girlfriend but in one's late 20's I thought, well, I'll just wait until Annie Girardot or someone drops off the scene and I'll step in. Like Hermione Gingold I'll wait again in 90! Do you mind it?

Not the working for the rest kind of acting. But I miss the activity, the way of life, yes. As it was in Italy, it was very charming. I loved the dress. And the



Even as a Rank starlet, Barbara Steele had that dangerous but defenceless look

How would you advertise a low-budget film now? Well, you could start by consciously redesigning us get menaced by underwater beast poster

Lost River Lake was a thriving resort - until they discovered...

PIRANHA

A FILM BY
TRAUFORD DILLMAN **HEATHER WENTZ** **KEVIN MCCARTHY** **KEENAN WYNN** **BARBARA STEELE**
THE NEW WORLD PICTURES PRESENTS
A NEW WORLD PICTURE

cheer! But I couldn't live with myself doing the kind of work I was doing. I would work now if I had something interesting. I like the scene now. It's changing so much. The idea of young

"I had no intention of going into acting. I wanted to be Picasso."

groups of intimate people getting together to make movies - I like that. *Why did you choose acting - just the logical extension of your progressive education?*

Not at all. I had no intention of going into acting. I wanted to be Picasso. *Old and wrinkled?*

Who cares about that with those eyes? I thought it would be nice to paint in Paris and as one needs money for that I thought the quickest way to make money would be to be an actress. So I went to a registry company and said "Here I am", they said "Oh well, that's all right then. We'll give you five grand a week for the summer." That seemed a fortune and that's what I did. On Brighton Pier where Rank turned up and signed you for the Clarendon School?

Yes, I became the last female signed up by Rank.

They didn't know what to do with females then.

No, they were just embarrassed by women at those days. They felt anybody without kind of femininity, womanliness, should have French accents. They could never be English.

*And you did, what was Mrs. How? Starting with *Handmade in Heaven* in 1956? At least that's when I first met you.*

Oh yes. I know I was a babe in arms when we met. That was in my virgin days.

First thing, you were in all the headlines. Cary Grant wanted to put you under contract. Alvin said no, then turned around and hired you to 20th Century Fox in Hollywood. At least that's the gist of it. Just about... Though Rank didn't say no to Cary Grant. They just charged a fortune. They asked for something insane, like a film a year plus £80,000, while I was earning ten pounds a week from them. It was so disproportionate, I think they thought he was in love with me and would pay any price.

In America, of course, everybody wants what their next door neighbour wants. So when Fox heard he was putting in that bid, they did the same. They paid £20,000 or something and bought my contract. And I went to Hollywood and sat on a bench for two years.

During which time they obviously tried to change you into another plastic doll on the factory conveyor belt. Right? They had this preposterous idea that women were all glossy liss. They'd say "We'd better put your hair back. We'd better make you blonde. You don't have any dimples. Then came the ordies. Don't be seen around with him because... Don't walk around the lot in

high heels—they thought I was too tall and they all feel terribly about it. There it was such a joke. All these fantastic clichés you read about in *Day of the Locusts*. Except it was so much more of a cliché than you are given to it. *How'd you escape reality?*

Fortunately for me, the actors' strike happened. A complete shut-down in Hollywood. The studios couldn't pay anyone so we were a few days for four months. They couldn't stop you doing anything you wanted to! I went to Italy and this film turned up.

The film that started the horror cycle for you, the start of being a cult figure, in fact, is *Cult of the Snake* which, really, you always scheduled to the rail of?

That's only too true. The first one was *Masked the Demons*—that was the original title, but these things change names around the world. I did it in a panic. After not working for two years you take any film. There's nothing worse than too much self exposure.

"Do I have to talk about these films?"

How did the other happen? For instance, next was *Flower Caravan's Pit* and the *Pandemon* back in Hollywood. That was just the result of the first one being seen. I just went back in order to make money. Do I have to talk about these films?

Well, retired or not, the cult around your name is...
I wish you wouldn't let on about it. Tell them Barbara Steele is really Elia Pappalardo. OK, where were we? Pit—that ended my Fox contract. They broke the contract when I walked out of a movie they put me in. The whole thing blew up into an enormous scandal in Hollywood. It was an Elia Pappalardo movie. *Flaming Swords* or something. *(Flaming Star)* I had a tremendous fight on the third day of shooting, drove straight to the airport and flew to New York, and called them up the next morning. I won't be in making, I said, 'because I'm here in New York.' They said was it anything or something? Then they added: 'Come back or we'll sue you for the money we gave you.' 'Well, do,' I told them, 'because I've spent it and I'm never coming back.' That was it. They let me go because it was easier.

What had been your role?
I was this blond blonde, hard-browed, hard-brute, lusty Texas girl or something. Barbara Eden completed the part.

From New York to Rome, then, and the wild succession of horror films...

Well that isn't so, really...not even primarily. It was rather casually with other films. For example I did two in a row, sure, and then I made *It's for Hell*. Then another one, followed by some love stories, or thrillers and so on in France. The thing is, the horrors are the only films one hears about, which is just a flogging drag. I always used to think they'd end up only in Sicily. It's not so. They end up at the Oscars while all the



1964 classic, *Cult of the Snake*.

Steele's presence in French still shines you like a magnet.



things you did for love and nothing end up in inter-night showings at the Tokyo Film Festival? But I did mix it up a lot. In fact, from my first horror film to my last, it was always. 'Now this is my son. The lastest—Goodbye!' So then, you make another three films for love and somebody comes along with a big or thing and a great some bunch of money and you think—this is ridiculous! It is incredible that one doesn't have control over one's destiny at all.

But did you enjoy making them at all?
Of course I had a marvelous time. The only thing I resent—because as a bloody difficult genre—is that they can stop you doing other films. Because of the terrible image beg you get into. Is what way do you find them difficult? Well, they were always made quickly, very quickly. We'd work with three cameras for 10 hours a day. Good job they were horror films. A girl can't do close-ups after 10 hours! Seriously, any night—any circumstances—that is not believable as much more difficult to do, to make personal, to make something happen, than a more realistic drama. Do you have comments—or indeed mental issues—about them?

None at all. Never kept a cheque stub, let alone a photograph. And they've had no great market effect on me—apart from image, which I ought to be looking by now. I got superstitious, I suppose. I may not believe in Fate, but those films were a little frenzy, a little spooky.

"I think I've made about ten horror films—I've seen maybe three."

Do you have a particular favourite among the films?

Well, yes, some of the plots were lovely. Hardly worth creating a cult around though. I was never really aware of the cult thing, you know. But the French keep on polishing their neoprophetic megaphones, I got to Paris once and found they had a me-festival on.

*I think I've made about ten horror films—I've seen maybe three. I liked *Macabre* (1962) that was rather good as a film film film.*

Even though you had to endure it...?
Of not me. I've never done a nude film, but they were always doing things. Truly little things like making in somebody—somebody I—with your leg in, back view and made 'You know three inches tall, with size 48 boots and the camera cowering in, pretending to be me! And now you're telling us that your hair broke one. *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, must be regarded as the best. *Barbara Steele's Horror*. Do you really mean that?

Leave it, do I mean it! The only reason for that one was that I had always wanted to work with Mr. Karlhoff. After that I'd made the whole gambit. *Price, Lee, Karlhoff*. Quite a smooth.

They're all such a very problematic for blood-suckers.

Absolutely! But what do you think all

those Count Draculas and Baron Franksteins were! They've got a fantastic ancestral history — we're just passers by in relation to them.

Chris was always calling me up saying, 'I've had enough of seeing all the producers get all the money, why don't we produce a film ourselves?' We used to have a drunken lunch together about once a year and he'd plan to make a really gorgeous horror movie. There really hasn't been a classic made since the 30s...

Why don't you set it up?
Why not? It would be quite simple. A lot of terms — minimal malcoisms. There's always far too much something, too much noise in routine horror films. And far too little sex. Would you? But there's very little sex in these films. Except suppressed sex.

Well, when you were on the screen it was there on a platter — except the sex was missing!

Strange. They should make a really sexy, bang-up erotic horror film. But, of course, they confuse vulgarity with eroticism.

"He offered me a fortune ... to star in a totally pornographic movie. I mean, you know, with full close-ups of ... you know."

Continued on page 44 and more free.

Unbelievably so! You know the Italian director Tinto Brass? Just before I quit, he offered me a fortune — so much cash I thought he was mad! — to star in a totally pornographic movie. I mean, you know, with full close-ups! — you know it's his last version of the Book of Images by *Acidine Raps*, same person who wrote *The Story of O* — the very famous French pornographic book. Beautifully written books, obviously by some top-grade writer under the pseudonym. Most people say it's Jean Paul Sartre...

Why didn't you do it?
 I didn't have the guts! I'm glad to have been offered it, I suppose, and I also know! One day I might regret turning it down. I suppose if anyone else doing it and I imagine there would be quite a lot willing to do it. Brass didn't want an unknown because that it would have been just another pornographic picture. He wanted a known actress.

To be anonymous is such a luxury, so I felt it was a question of self-preservation, of being able to live with oneself, not hypocrisy, or refusing it.

If you returned to Gino, you would be rewarded then is the fact that sex is hard to stop?

Of course. I would also do a totally erotic love scene — even, maybe, make love with the actor — if that was right for the script and if the film was not mainly promoting sex.

I think sex has to have context. Nothing is all sex. Or all anything. Sex has its own threat, its own violence, its

own poetry. It's entirely personal. But it is always more difficult to find somebody you'd like to make up with — then somebody you'd just like to make love with. ■

BARBARA STEELE FILMOGRAPHY

Blasphemy of Hearts (1988)
 Dr. Wolf Rilla, UK

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1959)
 Dr. Ralph Thomas, UK

Upstairs and Downstairs (1959)
 Dr. Ralph Thomas, UK

Sapphire (1960)
 Miss Knowles, *Operation Scotland Yard*,
 Dr. Basil Dearden, UK

Your Money or Your Life (1960)
 Dr. Anthony Sinigaglia, UK

La casa del Dr. Hecckel (1960)
 (The Black of the Canon)
 UK: John Black Sunday, Mask of the Devil
 US: John Pennington of the Vampire, House of Night
 Dr. Paolo Rocco, Italy

The Pit and the Pendulum (1961)
 Dr. Roger Corman, US

L'Orribile Segreto del Dr. Hecckel (1962)
 (Dr. Hecckel's Hidden Secret)
 UK: The Terror of Dr. Hecckel
 US: The Horrible Dr. Hecckel, Rapture
 Dr. Riccardo Freda (as Robert Hampton), Italy

La Spettro; La Spettro de Dr. Hecckel (1963)
 (The Spectre, The Spectre of Dr. Hecckel)
 UK: The Spectre (as Dr. Hecckel)
 US: The Ghost
 Dr. Riccardo Freda (as Robert Hampton), Italy

Ita (1963)
 (Dr. Fellini's Ita)
 Dr. Federico Fellini, Italy

continued on page 44

An unusual Spanish ad for Roger Corman's downgraded triumph *The Pit and the Pendulum*.

Hebely, but nobody makes double-bills like that any more!



RELEASED BY TIGON PICTURES LTD

MASTERS OF THE MACABRE

Feature by
Anthony Tate

Il Capitano di Ferro (1952)

(The Iron Captain)
Dir. Sergio Grieco Italy

Un Tossatore Sarmatiano (1952)

(A Sarmatian Warrior)
Dir. Pasquale Festa Campanile and
Massimo Franciose France/Italy

La Donna Maledetta (1952)

(Cursed Woman)
(Originally: *Torone* (Terror), *La Lunga
Notte del Torro* (The Long Night of
Terror))
UK: Castle of Blood,
US: Tomb of Horror, Castle of Blood,
Coffins of Terror, Castle of Terror
Dir. Antonio Margheri (as Anthony
Davison) France/Italy

Les Sables (1952)

(The Sands)
Dir. Jean François Reaume France
Italy

La Ova Dell'Amore (1953)

US: The Hours of Love
Dir. Luciano Salce Italy

La Voce Bianca (1952)

(White Voice)
Dir. Pasquale Festa Campanile and
Massimo Franciose Italy

Il Maledetto (1953)

(The Maledict)
Dir. Lucio Fulci Italy

La Monaca Rn Jaure (1954)

(The Monach Given a Satisfy Soul)
Dir. Georges Lacombe France/Italy

Il Atene (1954)

US: The Road to Violence
Italy

Amore Falso (1954)

(False Love)
Dir. Gianni Puccini Italy

Il Lupo Capelli Bella Morte (1954)

France: *La Sanglante Sorcière*
UK/US: The Long Hair of Death
Dir. Antonio Margheri (as Anthony
Davison) Italy/France

Cinque Tombe per un Medico (1955)

(Five Graves for a Medium)
US: Terror-Gravestones from the Grave
Dir. Massimo Pupillo (as Ralph Zuckor)
Italy

Amanti D'Oltretomba (1955)

(Lovers Beyond the Tomb)
(Originally: *Ospedale* (Ospital), *Oltre-
Tombe* (From the Grave))
UK: The Fearless Monster
US: Nightmare Castle, Night of the
Beasties
Dir. Mario Caiano (as Allan Granawald)
Italy

Doni Upon a Tractor (1955)

Dir. Leopoldo Torre Milioni US/United
Nations (TV movie)

Il Soldi (1955)

(Wages)
Dir. Gianni Puccini and Giorgio Cavaroni
Italy

Un Angelo per Satana (1955)

US: An Angel for Satan
Dir. Camillo Mastroianni Italy

L'Armata Brancaleone (1955)

(Leon Cline's Army)
Dir. Mario Monicelli France/Italy/Spain

La Sorella di Satana (1955)

UK: The Sister of Satan, Revenge of the
Blood Beast
US: The She-Beast
Dir. Michael Curran Italy

Der Jungs Störche (1955)

(Young Storks)
Dir. Volter Schlöndorff W. Germany

Paravento il Mondo (1955)

(Vegete Recondere)
US: Snop the World... I Want To Get Off
Italy

The Curse of the Crimson Altar (1955)

(Originally: *The Reincarnation*)
US: The Crimson Cello, The Crimson
Altar
Dir. Vernon Sewell UK

Handicap (1955)

Italy

Wingspan seen with a Stranger (1955)

Dir. John Porter US (TV movie)

Sins of the Fathers (1955)

Dir. Jaanott Szwarc US
(Night Gallery one hour version)

Caged Heat (1954)

Dir. Jonathan Demme US

They Came From Within (1954)

UK: Shivers, The Parasite Murders
Dir. David Cronenberg Canada

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden (1957)

US

Pretty Baby (1958)

Dir. Louis Malle US

Pierika (1978)

Dir. Joe Dante US

The Space-Witch Marlene (1978)

US

The Silent Screen (1979)

Dir. Deney Hurb USA
Prod. Alan and Ken Wheat
Notes

- 1 Italized titles in brackets are direct translations of original titles.
- 2 Confirmation of many Barbara Steele titles has caused many problems. In place of the usual full filmography, we have limited this one to an attempt to sort out alternative titles. The following have also been mentioned in some filmographies: *La Casa* (1952), *The last one Rapture* (1954), *La Sex des Anges* (1954), *For Love and Gold* (1954), *La Clavella Porte* (1978). Confirmation or denial from our readers is welcomed, as we have not had enough of these to include them.

Bela Lugosi ... **Boris Karloff** ... **Peter Lorne**. Their careers depend on their others down the spine, three leaders of Hollywood's nobility who traveled the same roads together, their careers intertwining as their acting abilities earned them top spots in the halls of Hollywood's finest.

Bela Blasko was born in Lugos, Hungary on October 26th, 1882 but was called Bela Lugosi that he would one day make the Carpathian Mountains of his birth known worldwide ... in his most famous role as Dracula.

He ran away from discouraging parents to become an actor only to return home in defeat after barely scraping a living (disheartened, he took the name Lugosi from his birthplace and tried again, the time achieving success in Europe as a classical actor though he was limited a political undesirable by the Hungarian government and forced into exile following the Bela Kun uprising. He was soon to be regarded as a major European actor, and his romantic exploits earned him a lasting reputation.

His first documented screen appearances were in Hungary - 1913-18 beginning with *Alexandria* (1917) *Masked Ball*. An earlier Hungarian venture in 1914 is open to doubt. These were followed by appearances for the Crofting Film Co. Working to further his career, he moved away on a ship to the United States in 1921 and spent much of the rest of the decade appearing alternately on stage or screen in America or Europe in such productions as *The Silent Command* (1923) *Foot*, *The Midnight Girl* (1925) *Chesterfield* and *Daughters who Pay* (1926) *Bonnie*. But the true turning point in his career came in 1926 for Lugosi when his performance in MGM's *The Thirteenth Chair* was noted by film director Tod Browning.

Five years after Lugosi's birth, William Henry Pratt was born in Dulwich, London, and grew up as the youngest of a large family. He was well educated but, after reading for the consular service to please his civil servant father, he emigrated to Canada in 1908. He had ambitions to be an actor but had to contend with digging ditches until the next year when he succeeded in joining the Play Brandon Player Troupe ... as Boris Karloff.

Four years of acting in Canada and tours in America with Billie Bennett's company finally led to Los Angeles in 1917 though Karloff found himself to four more often than stage work. He at last worked on *His Majesty the American* as an extra and found further small parts easier in the studios. His first real break, however, came in the stage production of *The Criminal Code* with the part of Gallows (which he was to repeat in Howard Hawks' film (1930)). This led to more film work throughout 1921 in *Public Defender* *Mad Science* and (with Edward G. Robinson) *The Star Pinal*. He was playing a gangster in *Gold* (1923, Universal) when the turning point of his career came.



LUGOSI

A if you need to intimidate me in a pair of soft-boiled egg shoes and a bedroom robe!" said Peter Lorne. Yet Lorne, like Lugosi born in Hungary, but on June 26th 1904, spent years teaching a job where instigators appeared. Like Lugosi before him he wanted to be an actor and accepted disapproval to try the stage again. Like Lugosi he went hungry and took other jobs until he could get any stage work, which came after a time spent studying under Freud in Berlin, Germany. Moving to Berlin Lorne achieved success as a sea-farmer in *Die Fiesche von Ingolstadt* and later in *Freudling Bräutigam*. He met his future wife, Gela Lovinsky, and film director Fritz Lang who asked him to play the lead in *H (1922)*.

His performance as the child killer gained him international renown but his actress was slighted: the rest of the Nazis threatened his contract with U.F.A. as he was half Jewish and he fled to Vienna then Florence and finally England. There despite his poor English he appeared in Alfred Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934) before sailing to America in contract with Columbia and his first American film *Mad Love* (1935) MGM GS role. *The Hunch of Oree*. The stylish and visually elegant horror film was given an air of 'bad taste' gothic by director Karl (The Mummy) Freund and Lorne's performance as Dr Gogol (transplanting a murderer's head onto Oree, the parrot played by Cole Clive) was well received and a good first credit for Lorne.

At the time Lorne was charming Bela's theatre audiences, Bela Lugosi had achieved his own first great success. In 1927 he'd taken the stage for the role that would later bring him worldwide fame and ultimate destruction ... *Dracula*. The play was a hit from the first night and ran for three years (two on Broadway) with such success for Lugosi that he and Edward Van Sloan who had joined the cast as Dr Van Helsing, was offered the film role by director Tod Browning, after first mentioning Conrad Veidt, Paul Muni, Ian Keith and William Courteen.

Dracula (1931) was a smash success despite being flawed, most noticeably by the transition from the Carpathian sequences to the shifted stage-bound scenes set in England. Universal latched around for another vehicle for Lugosi's magnificent talents and announced both Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Believing he was to play Dr Henry Frankenstein, he declined with honor the non-speaking monster role after doing tests in make-up that 'looked like something out of *Babes in Toyland*', as Van Sloan put it. Lugosi instead appeared in Universal's powerful *Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1932) after quick parts in *The Black Cat* (1933) *Foot* and *Bloodstained* (1933), from Nations 6. He gave a fine performance but the film's depiction of strung-up prostitutes used for gorilla blood experiments was so strong for the time that the British Board of Film Censors got to work on it. Too much sex for them, but in its appropriate form the film is one of the best of its kind.

He worked on *Chanda the Magician* (1932) and the cheaply made but beautifully photographed (by Arthur Martinelli) *White Zombie* (1932) which found success despite Lugosi's atrocious phonetic English and poor support cast. An unsuccessful sequel, *Revel of the Zombies*, followed without him in 1934 but what, meanwhile, had happened to this shelved property, *Frankenstein*, back at Universal?

James Whale, after success with *Metroland Bridge* (1931) had chosen to film *Frankenstein* after its rejection by Lugosi and director Robert Florey. He picked Colin Clive to play Henry Frankenstein after rejecting Universal's choice of Leslie Howard and then spotted his monster in the studio commissar Boris Karloff. After tests and shooting with a very heavy costume in the height of summer, Karloff had an uncomfortable time but the phenomenal success of *Frankenstein* despite outrage from the censors set him on the road to stardom. He returned to Whale as the male, brutish

servant in *The Old Dark House* (1932) after roles in *Scarface* and *The Miracle Man* (both 1932) but was wasted in the tongue-in-cheek thriller, and was loaned to MGM for five speaking horror roles in the usually stunning *Mask of Fu Manchu* (1932).

But his first real chance to show his acting talents came in his title role for *The Hunchback* (1932) against much heavier make-up from Jack Pierce, following that chilling masterpiece with further interesting roles in *The Ghoul* (1933, Gaumont-British), *The House of Nocturnals* (1934, UFA) and *The Lost Patrol* (1934, RKO).

By 1934, Karloff and Lugosi were the true Kings of Horror and any resentment that Lugosi felt about being in Karloff's shadow disappeared when they worked together. Their 'riveting' produced onscreen chemistry from their first teaming in *The Black Cat* (1934), probably their best joint effort. Lugosi, by this time, after appearances in films like *Island of Lost*

Souls (1932), *Night of Terror* (1933) and *The Death Kiss* (1934), found himself typecast but his arrogant lifestyle forced him to work rather than holding out for better parts.

Yet both *The Black Cat* and *The Raven* (1935) are classics of the genre, despite being viewed to the point of nightmare unreality. Lugosi dominates *The Raven* the last time he would achieve parity over Karloff but his torture of Karloff in *The Black Cat* (released in the UK as *The House of Beasts*) caused a sensation. The uproar in the UK (by then the largest market for Hollywood product outside the USA) was such that it was responsible for the 'boycott' of 1936 with virtually no horror films made for two years. Lugosi found this a lean time while Karloff, after some time like *Mark of the Vampire* (1935, MGM), *The Mystery of the Marie Celeste* (1936) and *The Invisible Ray* (1936) absorbed the blow much better and Lorré working on non-horror like *Secret Agent* (1936), was largely unaffected.

Boris Lugosi found little or no work during this period, being reduced to the charity of friends and films like *U.S. Postal Inspector* (1937). He was a proud man who, since work on *Mark of the Vampire* (1935) had been receiving morphine under medical supervision, the lean years were a catalyst to his addiction and his hypochondria. His personal paranoia (especially inclination to believe a fidelity) only increased his drug intake and, after a trip to England in 1938, he became a convert and then an addict to methadone.

Born Karloff, however, had completed his final film before the shut-down. After playing twice in *The Black Room* (1936) he reprised his role as the Monster in *Bride of Frankenstein* (1936), originally announced as *The Return of Frankenstein*. The result has come to be regarded as one of the greatest horror films of all time, an excellent (and notably Ernest Thesiger as Dr Pretorius and Elsa Lanchester as both Mary Shelley, who appears in a scene-setting prologue, and the Bride, director James Whale as the height of his powers, an outrageous scene from Fritz Weisman, and Karloff). He objected to the Monster's raw speaking ability but was overruled by Whale and certainly the scenes where Karloff is taught by the blind hermit are very moving. The film is as near perfect as we can imagine.

He then faced the lean years with dignity and his impeccable English accent landed him roles in films like *The Invisible Menace* (1938) that at least gave him 'money to eat'. Roles, of course, that were denied Lugosi with his phonetically learned English! But times were changing and Universal, under new management that was willing to take a big chance, a chance that we can now see was an obvious success story.

Peter Lorre, however, had in the late 1930s been building his career slowly and solidly. Despite plans to use him in Universal's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* back in 1936, he worked on non-horror like *Secret Agent* (1936) with Hitchcock, again and *Mr Moto* (1936) which started the series for Fox (Moline in



screen vitality was much in demand and the next year he started work on a film that marked the crossroads of these careers. But, first, what was that gamble from the 'New Universal'?

It was, quite simply the release of **Dracula** and **Frankenstein** as a double bill. It paid off with great success. The horror subgenre was still there, and Universal's next move was to team Karloff and Lugosi in **Son of Frankenstein** (1939) with Basil Rathbone as Wolf Van Frankenstein. Karloff portraying (et age 50) the Monster for the third and last time and Lugosi showing what he could do with the messy role of Ygor, the mad shipyard and dismissed to the Monster. Horror was back and it was big business and Karloff and Rathbone were rushed into the gothic horror sequel **Tower of London** with a young Vincent Price. And then that crossroads. Lugosi, Karloff and Lorne teamed for the first time in the unexpected comedy **You'll Find Out!** (1940/1951) which wasted their talents. Suddenly their careers diverged and it marked a crucial point in their lives. Lugosi went into oblivion, Lorne to films of pretty varying quality and Karloff to stability. **The King of Horror**.

Lorne next worked on the wacky B picture **The Face Behind the Mask** (1941) Columbia which gave him the opportunity to provide an interesting performance as an arrogant watch maker whose delinquency in a fist fight has him first into an asylum and then into one as a punishment behind a rubber mask. The same year saw him in one of his best known roles in John Huston's **The Maltese Falcon** followed by **The Invisible Agent** (1942). **The Boggy Man will get You** (1942) with Karloff. **Casablanca** (1943). **The Grass of Sarnath** (1943) and **The Mask of Dimitrios** (1943). The following year he repeated his Broadway success in the film of the steady comedy **Amens** and **Old Lace** though Karloff's stage role was played by Raymond Messer who, due to Lorne's shyness plastic surgery, looks like Boris Karloff!

The decade was good to Karloff too. He played a whole succession of **Mad Doctor** films at Columbia (the best being **Edward G. Royce's The Devil Command** (1941)) some notable roles at Universal in **Black Friday** (1940) again with Lugosi and **House of Frankenstein** (1944) — an understated film with Karloff (in this he is creator not creature) He also had success on stage and on radio but an earlier accident during filming of **Isle of Frankenstein** caught up with him and he suffered increasing pain from a poorly-treated cracked hip which, together with advancing arthritis, left him with a steel leg brace and a noticeable limp.

He also starred in some memorable Val Lewton films at RKO, the last of which was Robert Wise's **The Body Snatcher** (1946) in which his harrowing role made Lugosi's dreary appearance only more poignant. Lugosi had had a mixed decade — the respectable **Ghost of Frankenstein** (1942) and **The Return of the Vampire** (1944) consigned by the terrible **Bevery at Midnight** (1942), **Ghosts on the Loose** (1943) and **Wendigo Man** (1944). But, in 1948, he returned to



LORRE

past glories with his portrayal of the vampire Count Dracula (after 17 years) in **Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein**.

Lorne, meanwhile, had given one of his best performances in Robert Florey's classic **The Beast with Five Fingers** (1948) but after that stylish film, he curiously perhaps, decided to free lance and made a succession of good and indifferent films. Interestingly, he returned to post war Germany to see the ravages of that country and made the unusual and rarely-seen anti Nazi film **Der Verlorene** (**The Lost One** 1951). Despite high press however he refused an American release due to the Cold War. At the time he became seriously ill and overweight and wasted his talent being mascot in **Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea** (1954), **Danely** and a series of dull. An old weakness for drugs also helped to ruin that his career was nearing an end.

Lugosi did the same after, on August 18th, 1956, of a heart attack after a few years of cheap and mediocre films from the British **Old Mother Riley Meets the Vampire** (1952) US release delayed until 1963, thankfully to a series of 'fill time' turkeys for his friend Edward G. Wood. **Glee or Glenda** (1952) **Bride of the Monster** (1955) and **Flax in Outer Space** (1958) released 1959. One prefers to remember him on the castle steps in **Dracula** intoning those delicious lines: 'I bid you... welcome! In the last years I've fought to cure my drug addiction but well, published and he had been planning a comeback in a 3-D series and full-colour **Dracula**. The dream never came true and he died sadly in a town that had terribly abused and misused him.

Karloff on the other hand had seen the 1950s through quietly and after **Confessions of Blood** in 1958, looked for a new direction. In 1960 he found it as he, Lorne and Vincent Price guested twice in Roger Corman's **The Raven** which, despite its usual A.I.P. money-obsessed approach, was a happy film for them and for Basil Rathbone, himself attempting a comeback. Karloff and Lorne again paired (losing the measure) on US TV efforts 66 with Lee Remick but the result was heavy-going and dull, with only their stage-making it worth watching. Lorne died of a heart attack on March 24th, 1964 and his lovable pop-eyed monster was no more.

Boris Karloff struggled on to the end of the decade after returning to England to act or make films such as **Devil Monster**, **Devil** (1959). Although he said he would always work to the end it became increasingly hard for him with his leg, his leg in a steel brace and with ever-present wheezes and oxygen on his. He completed four **Macabre** horror back to back in 1968 is far his final gesture as an old horror star, outlived by society's evil in **Targeted** and then died of a heart attack caused by emphysema and chronic bronchitis. The gentle monster was gone.

But not forgotten. For the three of them left behind a legacy of greatness, still accessible to new generations through TV, video and cinema. Their lives forming curious parallels as they each went from Europe to Hollywood to immortality as Masters of the Macabre. ■

ANSWER DESK

Arthur Stanley of Bristol, Gordon Dickinson of Manchester, Russell Scott and Gary Ottman of Melbourne, Australia, request more off set shots from their favourite Hammer picture, *Come of Frankenstein*. No problem. This time we have printed an unusual shot of Chris Lee, in his make-up, 'Young Dracula' for the camera with co-star Paul Court.

Ken Olsen of Savannah, Georgia, USA asks if we would print a Ken Tobey fantasy-film checklist for him. Most certainly, Ken. Mr Tobey was one of the most memorable heroes to appear in fantasy (Heavly SF) films during the 50s. Here's the rundown. In 1961 Tobey appeared as Captain Pat Huxley in the excellent *The Thing from Another World*, in 1963 he played Colonel Evans in *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, 1965 saw

by
Tase Vahimagi



Today in the military once again, this time as Captain Peter Matthews for *It Came from Beneath the Sea*, in 1967 he turned up as Buck Denley in *The Vampire*, since then, his appearances have been limited to the TV series *Whirlpools* (a minor role in *The Howling* (1980) and *Strange Invaders* (1982), an alien.

Lost in Space, Irwin Allen's TV series forms a query from Michael Williamson of Hayes, Melbourne, who wants to know if there was ever a TV-adapted paperback of the show. Pyramid Books (New York) brought out a *Lost in Space* paperback edition in 1967, written by Dave Van Arman and Ron Archer. There was also a Time Tunnel edition, written by Murray Lemster.

Who created the Flash Gordon character? asks Leonard Harbord of Canterbury, Kent. Also Raymond was the artist who created and illustrated Flash Gordon. Raymond first became popular with a newspaper strip called *Secret Agent X-9* and, in 1938, went on to create *Flash Gordon*. 1939 was the year when Universal produced their 13-chapter serial starring Buster Crabbe. Raymond created another popular strip after the war *Big Kirby*, and continued with it until his death in an automobile accident in 1964.

Mervyn Paul of London, W2 would like to know how many episodes of *The Outer Limits* were written by Heilen Ellison. Famed SF author Ellison was brought in by producer Ben Brady for the show's second season, starting in late 64. The season's premiera segment was Ellison's *Soldier*, a brilliant tale of a futuristic infantryman, trained in conflict, since birth, who is suddenly whisked back to the present time. Directed by one of the show's most accomplished directors, Gerald Oswald, this episode went on to win the SF 'Hugo' award. The second, and only other, Ellison-scripted segment was the excellent *Demon with a Glass Head*, directed by Byron Haskin (who had helmed *War of the Worlds*, *Conquest of Space*, starring the 50th Thespians old of earth's sole survivor returning in time to find out why he survived - and ending up prey to four omnisous and shadowy strangers in the confines of a deserted building. It also went on to win the 'Hugo'.

Peter Lorne fan Clark Raymond of Westchester, New York would like to know how many Mr Moto films Lorne appeared in. There were eight original films in the 20th Century Fox series, starring Peter Lorne as the oriental master sleuth. *Think Fast, Mr Moto* (1937), *Thank You, Mr Moto* (1937), *Mr Moto's Gamble* (1938), *Mr Moto Takes a Chance* (1938), *Mysterious Mr Moto* (1938), *Mr Moto's Last Warning* (1939), *Mr Moto in Danger Island* (1939) and *Mr Moto Takes a Vacation* (1939). There was an abnormal attempt to revive the character in 1965, with Henry Silva playing the title role in *The Return of Mr Moto*. The character derived from a series of seven novels by J.P. Marquand, beginning with *Four Turns, Mr Moto* in 1935.

Send your questions on fantasy films and related subjects to: **ANSWER DESK OF HORROR**, 3 Leaveland Way, London SE14 6PP.

CAMPBELL'S COLUMN

Horror films are cyclic. Each new cycle tries to outdo the last: more in a peak, then poles out in parody and exercises in nostalgia – that is, if it isn't cut short by censors, official or self-appointed. It seems odd that with the present cycle still at a peak, two of those responsible for taking the horror film beyond Hammer (at least in terms of gruesomeness) should be trying to manufacture nostalgia.

Michael Armstrong made *Mark of the Devil*, which gently attempted to top *Witchfinder General* by glossing over the torture in substitute for talking about the characters. Peter Walker made the ironic *House of Whipcord* long from being that the real life counterparts of the villains – the flag men and hang men brigade – would doubtless be in favour of banning such films) but his other collaborations with David McGillivray were increasingly intelligent and increasingly grotesque. Add to this that Armstrong used Walker's *House of the Long Shadow* is produced by Clarius and Golan who reached global heights commercially with *London Fields* and two more from the same British planets would I hope the film is more worthy of its stars. Sheila Keith John Carmichael, Vincent Price, Cushing and Lee I especially hope that it is sympathetic to Carmichael, the low point of whose career must surely have been appearing without his false teeth as a discredited Dracula in the appalling *Pontianska*. And I marvel at the way excess turns into nostalgia from cycle to cycle of the horror film.

It is in the nature of horror fiction to go too far whether in film (most recently *The Evil Dead* – the most gruesomely frightening horror film I've ever seen), or in prose (most spectacularly, Peter Straub's remarkable *Floating Dragon*, which attempts to outdo the entire genre to date). Like comedy horror it is in the business of speaking the unspeakable, of telling us things we might not want to know, often about ourselves. If we took the dangers and the reviewers in the mass media as our guide, we might be dismayed to learn how many things we apparently can't bear to be shown – though many of these offences against taboo are now smothered in nostalgia.

Remember that almost all of Vincent Price's films with Roger Corman were cut by our censor giving credence to a belief widespread among film buffs that the censor was punishing Corman for having dared to question a decision (Remember that the *Daily Herald* described Lee Remick as revolting, while the *Times*, in reviewing Cushing's *Revenge of Frankenstein* went further: 'The industry – for here, in this particular context, no other word is possible – is in the gap of one of those crises to which periodically falls a victim. This time the films comprising the cycle are vying with one another in the dismal task of seeing how nasty they can be, and the competition has soared to the advertisements, the world's greatest hangovers – in "supernatural Technicolor" – It's possible to be charmed by the anonymous reviewer's excesses of hostility, finding satisfaction even in the

claim made for the colour, but there's no doubt in my mind that the reviewer, like many, would like to see horror films done away with.

Don't misinterpret, my persona I should be amused and delighted if, say, Mrs Whitehouse – the Editor Emerita of censorship – or her cohorts look excepted to any of the books I should have thought my *Gruesome Book* might have struck them as unfit for the children to whom it is marketed, but perhaps I have yet to hear of their condemnation, or rather their opinion, since I have long been a favourite Whitehouse claim that they do not want to prevent anyone from seeing or reading anything as could be seen recently from her prosecution of *Death Traps*, but I admit to some anxiety on behalf of the horror film. Of course I like survival attacks in the past, but on the other hand, the private indoor cinema has never been so vulnerable. Let's not forget that the forces of repression put the EC comics out of business.

It is fortunate that this film has its moments of unconscious humour. Its sole purpose of this film is to horrify. It is sad to see (such talents as) Mr Boris Karloff wasted on a production with so ignoble a motive.

I admit that the whole thing is brilliantly done, but to my mind that makes its impact greater and its effect more revolting.

So said the *Times* of *Bride of Frankenstein* and the *Daily Herald* of the Hammer *Dracula* (leaving aside the censor assumptions of the *Times* review (incredible, that the film contains no conscious humour, presumably because its 'sole' motive is to horrify), these can stand as examples of the recurring attitude the horror film must suffer if it doesn't work for the reviewer it's assessed at. On the all time worst example must surely be the journalistic baying at *Death Line*, if I don't deplore. In Britain *Bride* was cut by five minutes, and seven cuts that have never been restored were made in *Dracula*. I reviewers read their scores high enough they are capable of swaying the censor, but the horror film has more powerful enemies than reviewers.

A Labour MP asks the Home Secretary if horror films may be categorised as such 'for the sake – of healthy people who have a natural repugnance to them'. The author R.P. Calderfield asks to set up an 'allotment association of his fellow writers to agitate against the spreading in Britain of the horror-film craze and is supported by one Frank Baker of the BBC (I am certain that all Mr Calderfield's fellow writers will wish to support him in his campaign against the enormous growth of the horror film) and a letter to the *Times* from one John Wenhams, calling for a Bill 'to prevent the import or exhibition of such horror films' with a penalty of imprisonment for 'those evil men with a lust for horror'. The Labour MP's question dates from 1937, and led to the founding of the B1 certificate, to avoid which the distributors would often cut films indiscriminately the other quotes are from 1955, the heyday of Hammer. Mr Calderfield was quoted as saying 'After 15 years of this sort of thing we will look

Anthony Campbell is a horror enthusiast. He announced the fantasy feast with his first book at age 17 and then delighted audiences ever since with a stream of original and delirious stories, novels and anthologies, the most recent of which are *The Necropolis* (Millington), *Dark Companions* (Fontana) and *The Gruesome Book* (Penguin). Although he has won both the British Fantasy Award and the World Fantasy Award, he is never content with resting on his laurels as Britain's most respected and stylish horror author. Consequently, he also finds time to write a *Horror Film for Radio* (Methuen), as *Quest of Horror* at numerous Universities, and regularly as President of the British Fantasy Society, and now a third. His interest in horror films seems a natural influence on the British Fantasy film festival which is the latest, we are proud to cover here lead for a new generation.

with apparently on people being lured to death in the streets", which seems alarming fifteen years later, until one finds that he linked horror films with "violent behaviour like the recent racial outbreaks". Racial conflict has nothing to do with race, it's all the fault of those nasty horror films. I call the pernicious nonsense, not least because it distracts attention from the real problems.

Horror has always been a scapegoat. "Grosser audiences, as bloodthirsty, are expected to believe, many who want to the open-air theatre in Imperial Rome." ... continues an unsigned article in the Times of 4 August 1958, about mad doctor movies. The last time I encountered that accusation, which assumes so firmly that the audience can't distinguish between fiction and actual carnage that one suspects the accuser must be incapable of doing so, was last year. In a British Fantasy Society letter column. Doesn't this mean simply that the objections to horror are as cyclic as the films? But so, I'm afraid, are the successes of censorship.

Censorship's most surprising ally is TCX, a distributor of toned-down pornographic videocassettes, which will replace any of its titles that are seized by police unless the library also stocks those titles (including *Death Trap*) banned by the High Court. TCX feels that the banned cassettes often cause its own titles to be seized by association, which seems reasonable, but I fear the wider effect of TCX's stipulation will be to make the climate more hospitable to censorship as ironic achievement for a distributor that depends for its income on permissiveness. (Thank heavens that the boards haven't taken it up: **THE FILMS EVEN THE PORN MEN HATE... HORROR, THE REAL PORN, SAY EROTICA, NOGLES**.) Meanwhile *Forward a Dawn of the Dead* is one of the films most often seized by the police and destroyed by a magistrate's order (which cannot be opposed even though this is a version of the film that was shown in British cinemas with an X certificate). I question whether this is the time for anyone who cares about the horror film to feel nostalgic. I even wonder if we can reassure ourselves that the films will be available for us to be nostalgic about in, say, twenty years. ■

WARRIOR BACK ISSUES



ISSUE ONE 21 0004 Marvelman, Legend of Prester John, Spiral Path V for Vendetta Shander, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: "True Story" by Moore & Gibbons Marvelman article	ISSUE EIGHT 21 0028 Marvelman, Spiral Path V for Vendetta Shander, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: "On Coney" by Rust Emerson
ISSUE TWO 21 0029 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta Shander, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Dispatches Production article	ISSUE NINE 21 0030 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta Shander, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Wargames by Alan Moore & Gerry Leach
ISSUE THREE 21 0031 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta Shander, The Madman, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Zitt solo story by Moore & Rollins	ISSUE TEN 21 0032 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta, Shander, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Wargames conclusion & Wargames colour girls up
ISSUE FOUR 21 0033 Marvelman, Spiral Path, Production origin, The Madman, Shander, V for Vendetta, Dispatches Special feature: Rome's Golden Amazon by David Lloyd	ISSUE ELEVEN 21 0034 Marvelman, Spiral Path V for Vendetta Laser Cutter and Production, Dispatches Special feature: Legend of Prester John Part 2
ISSUE FIVE 21 0035 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta Shander, The Madman, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Bonus V for Vendetta complete story	ISSUE TWELVE 21 0036 Anniversary Special featuring Young Marvelman Soufian Saga, The V Flame Production solo story, The Spiral Path conclusion Prester John conclusion
ISSUE SIX 21 0037 Marvelman, Spiral Path V for Vendetta, Shander, The Madman, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: "Wu-Murphy's Madman" by Simon Moore & Dave Gibbons	ISSUE THIRTEEN 21 0038 Marvelman, Rhythmic Saga, Shander, V for Vendetta, Dispatches Special feature: Zitt solo story + complete SF story
ISSUE SEVEN 21 0039 Marvelman, Spiral Path, V for Vendetta, Shander, The Madman, Laser Cutter & Production, Dispatches Special feature: Marvelman colour plug-up by Mark Jones	

NEXT
ISSUE: **BLOOD
HUNTERS
PLUS VIDEO
CHECKLIST**

QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS,
3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP

HOh COLLECTOR'S ITEM BACK ISSUES



No.111 45p
Illustrated adaptation of 1988 Dracula. Ronald Lee biography & Ringuo guide. 1950s Fox Brazilian Horror etc.



No.108 45p
Quatermass strip. Ring Kong, Jekyll & Hyde. Hammer Science Fiction film. Lasts. 1950s Decade etc. ...



No.109 45p
Quatermass Pt 2. Carrick. Ring (1937). Salvo. Spoken De Palma. Living Dead At Manchester



No.100 45p
Came of the Were wolf strip. Close Incident. Sertral. Fu. Mischu. Son of Ring. Shadowland



No.111 45p
Gargoyles strip Part 1. Harryhausen speaks. Castings. 48 Decade. Wanda. Orkney. Zeller. Burt. Offspring.



No.112 45p
Gargoyles strip Part 2. Wanda. Blood City. Wolfchild. Gargoyles. 1933 Invisible Man. Post of Predestination, etc.



No.113 45p
Plague of Zombies strip. One view. Unconquered. Paris Festival. People That Time Forgot. Goddard. Zombies



No.114 45p
Million Years BC strip. John Carradine. Hammer on Mars. 2 review. Discovery Films. Paris Festival Film.



No.115 45p
Mummy's Shroud strip. Dr. Monro. Audrey Rose. Blue Goddess. Female. Mummy's Revenge. Frankenstein etc.



No.116 45p
Special One View issue. Rebel Psycho storyboards. Incorporated. Carver interview. New Shroud Strip



No.117 45p
Vampire Circus strip. Carver 2. Harryhausen storyboards. Carver's Carver. Child. Grounds of Horror



No.118 45p
Frankenstein. Decade and Westcott strip. Cushing interview. History of Hammer. 1930s. Deep Pad



No.119 45p
Profile strip. Cushing. Biography. History of Hammer. 4. Faking Men and Decade & Man-alter. 1930s.



No.120 45p
Kronos strip. Incredible. Maffing Man and George. Bloodsuckers. Vampire. Hammer feature. Hammer 18



No.121 45p
Chris Lee Speaks. Shroud strip. Maffing Man. Lovers of. Wanda of Deep



No.122 45p
The Mummy strip. Screeners. Black Sunday. Paper. Susan P. Hammer. Mystery film



No.123 45p
Quatermass 2 strip. Last View. Angelo interview. 3-D film. Rosemary's Baby. The Shroud.



No.124 45p
Special all comic strip issue. Seven Golden Vampires. Quatermass Experiment. 7 stories



No.1 45p
Jeff Harker strip. Mailing of Star Wars. Harry Harrison. Star Trek. Writers' Trek. episode guide



No.2 45p
C-SPG Interview. Spider-Man. Ray. Bradley on Close. Experiments. The Prisoner. Mischu



No.3 45p
Hammer Ford interview. Screeners. Close. Experiments. Logan's Run. Star Trek movie.

SUBSCRIBE TO HALLS OF HORROR

Don't risk missing a single issue! Save the time and expense of chasing round the newsagents with a subscription.

All copies are mailed flat in an envelope, and reach you weeks before copies hit the shops!

4 issues (annual subscription): £2.50 (UK only).

Make all cheques/postal orders payable to QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS and send to:
QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS, 3 LEWISHAM WAY, LONDON SE14 6PP, ENGLAND

BUSTER CRABBE

FLASH GORDON IS DEAD Larry 'Buster' Crabbe (Clarence Linden Crabbe), the undisputed 'King of the Serials', died in April. He was aged 75 and in excellent health. The Gold Medal-winning Olympic swimmer starred in nearly 100 films and thrilled millions as *Tarzan*, *Buck Rogers*, *Red Barry*, *Peacocks*, *Capeau Galant*, *Billy the Kid* and numerous others. But it is as the blond-haired space hero *Flash Gordon* that he will be best remembered, in Universal's three classic serials: *Flash Gordon* (1936), *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars* (1938) and *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* (1940). One of his last roles was as 'Brigadier Gordon' in TV's *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, and he visited London in 1981 to deliver the Guardian Lecture at the National Film Theatre. The King is dead, but through the immortality of film he will continue to live on and thrill generations yet to come.

Stephen Jones

